

THE MISCHIEF OF USURPED AUTHORITY

THE idea of persuasion—perhaps we should say, the conviction—long held sway in the minds of many thoughtful and zealous Catholics that the Anglican Establishment, with all its faults and shortcomings, served as a kind of bulwark or breakwater against that encroaching tide of unbelief and scepticism in religious matters, the invasion of which was so clearly foreseen, nearly a century ago, by John Henry Newman. Can it be said that the Establishment fulfils this function at the present time? Or is it not, at least, rapidly ceasing to fulfil it? Newman had occasion, even in his Anglican days, to resent the intrusion of rationalism, under the cloak of religion, into "Christian lecture rooms." In these days it is being introduced, under the same cloak, into professedly Christian places of worship. It is no longer the Thirty-nine Articles alone that are being interpreted in a "non-natural" sense. At the hands of some at least of the Anglican clergy the creeds of Christendom have met, or are meeting, the same fate.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty," says the devout Anglican at his prayers. "I believe, in the light of ghastly experiences during the late war, that God is *not* Almighty," says, in effect, a beneficed clergyman of the Anglican Establishment. And he says it without rebuke. Nay, in support of his discovery he writes a book which has had a wide circulation, and to which an Anglican dignitary contributes a laudatory preface.¹ "I believe in one, holy, Catholic, Apos-

¹ *The Hardest Part*. By the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M.A., C.F. ("Woodbine Willie"). Hodder and Stoughton. [Fourth Edition, 1919.] "I don't know the Almighty potentate—my only real God is the suffering Father revealed in the Sorrow of Christ" (p. 10). "How can a man believe in an absolute Almighty God? What is He doing? Peradventure He sleepeth" (p. 11). "I don't believe there is an absolute Almighty Ruler" (p. 12). "God, not Almighty, but God the Father, with a Father's sorrow and a Father's weakness, which is the strength of love" (p. 14). Similarly pp. 28, 34, 36, 39, 40, 42, 44, 59, 60, 61 ("Part of God's sorrow is absolutely necessary, and part is only necessary because we make it so"), 69. It is fair to say that, as may be inferred from the words quoted above, the writer's polemic is really directed against a distorted notion of the divine Omnipotence, and that here and there he has a glimpse of the truth, as understood by Catholic theologians. But first to distort a doctrine, and then to rail against it, is a strange and mischievous way of fulfilling the functions proper to an official exponent of Christian truth. The writer of the Preface to this book is the Dean of Worcester.

tolic Church," says every Anglican clergyman as often as he recites the Nicene Creed in the course of the liturgy. But in the course of his instruction on Christian doctrine he is at liberty, so far as effective guidance and correction are concerned, to substitute, in effect, "several" for "one," "respectable" for "holy," "temperamental" for "Catholic," and "religious organizations" for "Church"; so that his amended article of belief would run thus: "I believe in several, respectable, religious organizations, suitable respectively to those fundamental diversities of temperament which are found to exist among my fellow-countrymen." For the "larger fellowship," of which so much was heard at the Leicester Church Congress, is wide enough to embrace all the sects of Nonconformity. The diversities of belief and organization, which in a less enlightened age were regarded as at least regrettable, have now—even in the high quarters of Anglicanism—assumed the character of a "divine" dispensation.¹ In a word, the Articles of the Creeds, as well as those of the Elizabethan Settlement, are in process of being practically reduced to one, viz., that "*It does not matter.*" So far as membership and the holding of a benefice in the Anglican Establishment are concerned, it really does not matter whether a man believes in the divinity of our Lord, or whether (like an incumbent of whom mention has already been made) he can descend to the abysmal vulgarity of describing Him as "a cute psychologist"; whether he believes in the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the Ascension of our Lord, or whether he regards these as the crude dogmas of a bygone age; whether he believes the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to be the great central act of Christian worship; or whether he regards the Catholic doctrine concerning the Mass (or "Masses") to be a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit.

Not, of course, that the great majority of the Anglican clergy can be charged with explicitly maintaining a latitudinarian position so pronounced as this. Personal and party opinions, on one side or the other, with reference to points of dogma now deemed disputable, are still held as strongly and as warmly defended as ever. And it is notorious, and must be thankfully recognized, that many Catholic doctrines almost unanimously rejected by our separated brethren a few generations ago, are now fearlessly and earnestly taught in quite a considerable number of Anglican places of worship.

¹ See "Divine Diversity" in *THE MONTH*, Oct, 1919, p. 355.

But no one can rightfully claim that the doctrines form any part of the official or acknowledged teaching of that Establishment to which their teachers owe, and under which they exercise, their own official position.

Nor can the flagrant instances of the profession, whether bold or masked, of a non-Christian form of nominal Christianity, to which reference has been made, be set aside as though they were merely accidental or incidental abuses. If it be true—as, alas, it unquestionably is—that, in the words of Bishop Gore, “Except in the vaguest sense England cannot be called a Christian country,”¹ this lamentable fact is both historically and logically traceable to that usurpation of spiritual functions by the civil power which, initiated by Henry VIII., is the fundamental vice of the Elizabethan settlement. In his speech in Convocation (February, 1531), the saintly Bishop of Rochester, Blessed John Fisher, said: “If ye grant to the King’s request in this matter [of the Royal Supremacy], it seemeth to me to portend an imminent and present danger to hand.” The King, indeed, had promised that “he would never . . . assume unto himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority . . . than all others the kings of the realm his predecessors had done before.” But, says Fisher, “what if he should shortly change his mind, and exercise indeed that supremacy over the Church of this realm? Or what if he should die, and then his successor challenge the continuance of the name? Or what if the Crown of this realm should in time fall to an infant or a woman, that shall still continue to take the same name upon them? What shall we then do?”² The power usurped by Henry did indeed, as we all know, “fall to an infant,” Edward VI., and was again usurped, with even more devastating effect, by a woman, Elizabeth; and now that it has passed to a latter-day Parliament, the consequences are, not accidentally or incidentally, but by the very nature of the case, such as we see.

It is not, then, needful to argue that, by its strange proceedings, and by its failure to grapple with the question, “What is, after all, the message of Christ to mankind?” the recent Church Congress has set its seal on the latitudinarian views which found expression at its meetings. A seal is an article which that august body does not count among its properties. It is in vain that Mr. Bottomley asks the assem-

¹ Report of Address at the Church Congress in *The Times*, October, 15 1919.

² *Lives of the English Martyrs* (Ed. Dom B. Camm), I., 69-70.

bled dignitaries for a revised and up-to-date Creed. No authority short of the British Parliament could venture to amend—or to allow any kind of Anglican constituent assembly to amend—either the baptismal or the Nicene profession of faith. But the fact remains that Mr. Bottomley can ask, in a prominent editorial,¹ "Do the Bishops believe?"; that the Bishops themselves could not all answer the question in the same sense;² and that even if they could, the belief of the Bishops would have no binding force on any Anglican who might choose (as many would) to disregard it. Even the Enabling Bill, whatever its provisions may ultimately prove to be, will only enable the Establishment to legislate, and to define its own conditions of membership, by sufferance of Parliament; and even though it granted the fullest measure of liberty, it would still be itself a gift from the hands of the State. "Its life," says Newman, of the Anglican Establishment, "is an Act of Parliament." The Tractarians, he says, seem to have fancied that dependence on the State "was an accident in its constitution, and was capable of a cure. They did not understand that the Established Religion was set up in Erastianism, that Erastianism was its essence, and that to destroy Erastianism was to destroy the religion."³ And not only has nothing occurred in the interval, but nothing could or can occur, to make these words less true than they were seventy years ago. Disestablishment itself would not alter the fact of the secular origin of the State Church, nor could it take place except by the act of the civil government. At any rate, under present conditions, that is to say, so long as the British Government, like Gallio, "cares for none of these things," so long will it remain true that the teaching of the Establishment as such, so far as it can be said to "teach" at all, will be, for practical purposes, that it does not matter what a man, or a clergyman, believes about truths which used to be regarded as fundamental, provided that he does not too flagrantly outrage good taste and decorum in his words or in his external conduct. Nor can it, I think, be doubted that Parliament is effectively supported by public opinion in its negative and half-contemptuous attitude towards dogmatic truth. "Would

¹ Discussed in *THE MONTH*, Nov. 1919, "A New and Universal Creed."

² An individual Bishop, Dr. Moule, of Durham, has answered by a clear and unequivocal confession of the orthodox faith (See *The Tablet*, Nov. 22, p. 662): others, too, would doubtless do the same, but not the hierarchy as a whole.

³ *Anglican Difficulties*, I. 107.

it be possible in the face of public opinion," asks the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "to enforce in the Church of England the idea of a revelation . . . even so far as to cover an unquestioning belief in the Virgin Birth of Christ and His Resurrection—to exclude from the ministry all who would not say simply that they accepted these dogmas? I doubt it, much as I should wish to believe it. I incline to think that it is not merely that effective machinery for the purpose is wanting in the Church of England, but that the absence of such machinery results largely from public opinion."¹ "The ordinary Englishman," writes an Anglican Chaplain to the Forces, "is impatient of the differences between the Churches," and, we may add, of the differences between parties and individuals within the Establishment, "because he cannot believe that any theological differences really matter."²

On the other hand, "if," writes the Editor or compiler of that mournful work, *The Army and Religion*,—"if the Church [of England] is anything at all, it is, like its Master a witness to the Truth. For this end was it born, to this end did it come into the world, that it should be a witness to the Truth. Therefore in the end of the day it must stand or fall by its message."³ Precisely, "if it is anything at all," or rather if it is anything at all but a purely human organization, "born" of Queen Elizabeth and of the spirit of revolt, and "come into the world" to proclaim that to Cæsar must be given the things that are of God,—in a word, if it were of divine institution, then its mission would indeed be to bear "witness to the Truth." But alas, even apart from the bastardy of its birth, the Establishment, by its own acts, by its failure to act, by its inability to act, has shown plainly enough that, as such, it is charged with no definite dogmatic message at all. No wonder that, hopelessly helpless to fulfil the function which, if its claims were well founded, should properly be its own, its most prominent members, assembled at the recent Church Congress, should fall back upon the vexed and intricate problems of social reform as the subjects on which, in order to justify its existence as a professed teacher of men, it should endeavour to give a lead. "It is impossible," says a *Times* leader, "to estimate the relative importance of the subjects brought before the Congress, but it is evident that those responsible for its pro-

¹ *Last Lectures*, pp. 288—9.

² *The Army and Religion*, p. 197.

³ *The Army and Religion*, p. 196.

ceedings were animated by a desire to give prominence to the special tasks which confront the Church [of England] to-day." And the nature of these "special tasks" the writer proceeds to indicate, while at the same time he is careful to indicate the slenderness of her equipment for facing them. "If the Congress results in making clear the nature of the present discontent, and the Church puts itself at the service of the community to assist it to attain the highest degree of corporate life, it will earn the respect and gratitude of all classes. But we cannot hide from ourselves the dangers which beset well-meaning men, animated by the highest motives, when they venture to recommend schemes for industrial or economic reform without the equipment of technical knowledge for that office."¹ Poor Church of England! To God's Truth it cannot bear witness, because it is in the ultimate resort the slave of "public opinion"; while to its "message" (?) on "economical and industrial" questions no sensible man will pay more than that measure of attention which is due to the well-meaning efforts of men who for the most part lack an adequate outfit of "technical knowledge."

Meanwhile, in virtue of the royal and parliamentary patronage which for the present it enjoys, of its prestige of high respectability, of its wealth, of the number and splendour of its places of worship (for the most part once Catholic), of its falsified historical traditions, mutually contradictory though they be, and of the prejudices engendered by family and personal associations, this phantom Church, this teacher without a text-book, this messenger without a message, enjoys an outward semblance of authority which imposes itself on vast numbers of devout Christians who, but for this imposing camouflage, might be more easily led, with God's help, to seek the truth where alone it can be found, in the One Church, which is its divinely appointed custodian and exponent.

Meanwhile, too, it is not the Establishment alone, as a corporate body, but its individual ministers also, who enjoy this illusive semblance of authority. Quite unconsciously, no doubt, but none the less effectively, some of them at least enact the part of those false prophets of old, concerning whom God thus spoke by the mouth of Ezechiel.

Son of man, prophesy thou against the prophets of Israel . . . that prophesy out of their own heart. . . . Thus saith the Lord

¹ *The Times*, October 20, 1919.

God: Woe to the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit, and see nothing. . . . You have not gone up to face the foe, nor have you set up a wall for the house of Israel, to stand in battle in the day of the Lord. They see vain things and they foretell lies, saying: The Lord saith; whereas the Lord hath not sent them: and they have persisted to confirm what they have said.¹

In choosing "The Mischief of Usurped Authority" as the title of this article, it is the mischief arising (in spite of all manner of good intentions) from the personal influence of individual clergymen that I have had chiefly in mind. And this mischief arises in one or other of two ways. The latitudinarian minister of religion is making use of his position to undermine that very Christian faith which nominally and ostensibly it is his mission to inculcate and defend. And on the other hand, the advanced Ritualist, while on the one hand he is no doubt an instrument under God's Providence whereby men are being made better acquainted with Catholic doctrines and ritual, is on the other hand, working more and more mischief in proportion as, by means of a more and more accurate imitation of Catholic practices of devotion, he is able with increasing plausibility to persuade his deluded flock that, under his ministrations, they enjoy all the privileges of Catholics, and to warn them against what he teaches them to regard as the insidious proselytizing efforts of the Catholic clergy and laity. In a striking passage of his religious autobiography, Mr. (now Father) Ronald Knox thus describes his state of mind a year or two before his conversion:

Meanwhile the Church of Rome held out to me no sensible attraction whatever. . . . In Tractarian days the historic worship of the [Catholic] Church may have been an allurements; but we had been accustomed to so accurate a reproduction of it all that it had lost the charm of novelty. . . . Something of the same blasé appreciation makes itself felt in the mind of the modern Anglican extremist when he is invited to admire Catholic services; he has not merely done all this before, he has done it defiantly, deliberately, with the joy of contest to encourage him.²

And whereas controversy on the Catholic side has been directed in the main to the task of showing the hollowness of the claims of the Anglican Establishment as a whole, the time would seem to be opportune for insisting, with special

¹ *Ezech. xlii. 2-6.*

² *A Spiritual Autobiography*, p. 230.

urgency, on the baselessness of the personal claims of any and every Anglican bishop, dean, rector, vicar, curate or chaplain to be a duly accredited guide in the way of salvation. Father Knox gives a graphic and touching description of his spiritual experiences when, in 1918, he came up to town to be present at his Anglican brother's "first Mass" in St. Mary's, Graham Street:

It would have been an occasion of the most complete happiness to see him now, a priest administering for the first time the most august mystery of our religion, in the same church, at the same altar, where I had stood in that position three years before, in his presence. *And then, suddenly, I saw the other side of the picture.*¹

If this doubt, this shadow of a scruple which had grown up in my mind were justifiable—only suppose it were justifiable, then neither he nor I was a priest, nor was this the Mass, nor was the Host the Saving Host; the accessories of the service . . . were all settings to a sham jewel; we had been trapped, deceived, betrayed into thinking it all worth while; we had ploughed the sand, fought over a phantom Helen through all these years of conflict. . . . My intellect, thus peeping down the vistas of a mere doubt, forced my eyes open to the whole mockery it involved—and all the time I was supposed to be worshipping. So far was I, in this agony of realization, from any holy thoughts, that at the last Gospel I found only a curse framing itself in my mind; a curse directed against Henry the Eighth. And so I went up and kissed the hand of the *neo-sacerdos*.¹

Here be strong words, "a sham jewel," a "mockery," "trapped, deceived, betrayed," and the rest; yet not a whit too strong for the case. For the writer indeed this "vista of a mere doubt" for the moment faded from view, as the fine vistas of the distant castle fade from view as one skirts the borders of Windsor Forest where it marches with Englefield Green; this "shadow of a scruple," like shadows in the material world, for the moment flitted by; this "ghost" of a misgiving was for the moment laid. But it was laid only to rise again in a more clearly defined and substantial form, with the happy result that we know. The passage has been quoted by way of illustrating the importance of endeavouring to awaken in the minds of the Anglican laity, with reference to their individual pastors or "directors," misgivings such as those which, to his ultimate advantage, troubled, even to the

¹ Italics mine.

¹ *A Spiritual Ensid*, pp. 196—7.

point of "agony," the mind of an exceptionally earnest would-be priest. It is then in no spirit other than that of charity that we would propose to the lay-Anglican searcher after the truth, questions such as these: "Why do you sit at the feet of the Reverend A.; and why do *you* listen to the theological speculations of the Reverend B., as though his words were so many oracles of God? Is it, or is it not, just because A. teaches and professes to supply so much that seems to meet your spiritual needs, or, on the other hand, because B. exacts so little? And in either case are you not putting yourself under the guidance of this or that teacher, or at least submitting to it, because his particular brand of doctrine or no-doctrine suits your personal temperament?" Nor again is it in any other spirit than that of charity that we venture to put into plain words the statement of his own position which each of these clergymen would make if the truth were not (as we assume it to be) hidden from himself, and if he were minded to give it full and frank expression. B. would say: "I, personally, do not believe in the divinity of Christ, or in His miracles, or in the whole of His teaching as recorded (and perhaps distorted) in the Gospels; nor can I accept, unreservedly, Paul's words about 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism'; and the creeds of Christendom I regard as somewhat crude—not to say clumsy—attempts to formulate dogmas which do not admit of any cut-and-dried expression; but it is fair that I should warn you that there are many Anglicans who hold views on these and many other points which are the very opposite of mine, and others again who regard these matters as of no serious importance. It is for you to make your choice, and form your own opinions, as I have formed mine. I hold no message from on high, and you will, I believe, seek in vain for a divine revelation." A., on the other hand, would tell his flock: "I not only stand fast by all the articles of the Christian creeds, but, more in particular, I hold and teach the true Catholic doctrine concerning absolution from sin, transubstantiation, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and I believe that I have received the power to consecrate and offer sacrifice. But it is only right that you should know that I received this power (as I believe) from a gentleman whose own orders were ultimately derived from one or other of those Elizabethan bishops who would have warmly repudiated the intention of conferring it, and that, when he did (as I believe) confer it, he

made use of a "reformed" ordinal from which all reference to the Eucharistic Sacrifice had been carefully and deliberately expunged. And I must also warn you that the great and world-wide 'Roman' Church teaches that I am offering you 'a sham jewel,' that my orders and ministrations are a 'mockery,' that I and those of my brethren who think with me, have been 'trapped, deceived, and betrayed' into our present position. If, then, bearing all this in mind, you still choose to accept my ministrations, you are welcome to do so, and indeed I exhort you to do so. But remember that, without ceasing to be officially recognized as good Anglicans, you are perfectly free to reject my teaching and to look upon my sacramental ministrations, in the sense in which I understand them, as purely illusory. It is for you to make your own choice, and to form your own opinions, as I have formed mine. From the Establishment of which I am a duly appointed official, I have received no mandate to teach as I have taught, or to act as I have acted, among you."

The view has been recently urged with some insistence that controversy with Anglicans should all and always be of the gentle and conciliatory type, and that anything in the nature of insistence on the absurdities of Anglicanism should be sedulously avoided. With this view I can by no means concur. In dealing with individual inquirers, indeed, the utmost personal sympathy should of course be shown, and there will usually be room for the exercise of much patience. And this rule of conduct will apply not merely to private conversation and private correspondence, but to published letters in reply to communications which have appeared in the Catholic press, and which for this very reason may be taken as affording at least presumptive evidence of the good faith and sincerity of the writer.¹ But it is to be borne in mind that Anglican clergymen (and Nonconformist ministers) are not the only persons whose religious needs and interests have to be considered. Our duty towards our separated brethren embraces the whole body of the laity, great numbers of whom lie under the influence of that usurped authority of which I

¹ By way of illustration be it said that with the sorely puzzled writer of *The Hardest Part* (from which some sentences have been quoted in a former note) one may have the deepest personal sympathy. But this must not blind us to the mischief done to his readers, who may be numbered by many thousands. It is a mischief greatly enhanced by the position which he holds, and by the commendation of the highly-placed writer of the Preface to his book.

have been speaking. And for the benefit of these it is surely most desirable that we should insist, by every legitimate means in our power, on the true character and tainted origin of this fair-seeming authority, and that the point should be driven home as forcibly as possible. And for the purpose of driving it home, even the weapon of a *reductio ad absurdum* may be not only lawfully but very usefully employed. It has indeed often been said, and very truly said, that no man was ever converted by an argument, least of all, perhaps, by an argument tipped with irony. But a man may be made by means of arguments, and by the deft use of irony, to feel extremely uncomfortable. And to be made to feel uncomfortable may prove to be, and has if I mistake not, often proved to be, just that breaking of the soil which, so far as human means can help, is needed to prepare it for the reception of the good seed of God's Truth.

HERBERT LUCAS.

ST. STEPHEN, FIRST MARTYR

THINE eyes, O Stephen, saw thy Lord and God
Standing to greet His martyr, from whose tongue
The accents of His living truth had rung :
First of the band who follow where He trod,
Like His, thy blood gave blessing to the sod ;
Like His thy pardoning prayer for those that flung
Death over thee. To him in grace it clung,
Who was to wear love's ring, love-robed and shod.

To many a one thy "Welcome Home" was given ;
But welcome's joy in supreme radiance glowed
When, chief among thy pardoned foes, full-shriven,
That soul in triumph entered God's abode,
(The Vision lent erewhile, for aye bestowed),
And Paul unshamed beheld the face of Stephen.

EMILY HICKEY.

THE VIRGIN-BIRTH

THE proximity of Christmas inclines the devout mind to revert to the mysteries of the Holy Infancy, and as in these days there is such a disposition among Christians outside the Church—even among a section of those who regard themselves as orthodox—to call in question any doctrine or fact which, like the Virgin-birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, savours of the miraculous, we may suitably turn our attention to that, not that we desire to make this a controversial article, but because devout Catholic minds desire to penetrate ever more and more deeply into the truths of their faith and the evidence which can be invoked in their support, whilst the objections which rationalism brings against those truths offer a study which, if honestly pursued, tends to cast a fuller light upon them.

Possibly to no reader of the Gospels immune from the influence of bias or prejudice would it occur to doubt that the Virgin-birth of our Lord is at least the clear teaching of the Gospel text. It is easy to understand why the Second Gospel passes over the story of the Holy Infancy and starts from the opening of the public ministry. That contained the most essential part of the message which Christ came to deliver to the world in order to convert it. The mysteries of the Infancy would attract those who had already joined the Church and wished to learn more fully the details of the wonderful history, and, if so be, to ascertain what other dogmas there might lie hid in their contents. Hence of the Infancy we have the story in two versions, that of St. Matthew and that of St. Luke. To begin with St. Luke. This evangelist had made it his purpose to "follow all things in order from the beginning," and had at his disposal carefully-gathered materials, a very precious part of which was a narrative containing the first two chapters of our present Third Gospel. It may be regarded as having a pre-existence, before its incorporation with the Third Gospel, either in script or as an oral tradition. But most probably it was a document. Such a document complete in itself is altogether likely to have been constructed at some early date, and it does not seem excessive to ascribe its composition to our Blessed Lady herself. At all events it must have been, if not her work,

at least by some author who took it down from her very lips, for it is written wholly from her point of view, including in its narration, not only the external facts, but the reaction upon them at each stage of her own mind, with its perplexities and its obedient response to every signification of the Divine will made to her by the archangel who came to assure her of the stupendous office to which she was chosen, and the way in which it was to be accomplished in her body. When the angel first appeared to her and saluted her, she tells us she was amazed at the unwonted manner of the greeting, and pondered within her mind what words so high could possibly mean, when addressed to a maiden so youthful and so lowly. The angel, reading her thoughts, reassured her and told her she had found such grace with God that she was chosen to conceive and bear a Son in her womb, whose name she should call Jesus, whom he proclaimed should be great and the Son of the Most High, and that to Him it should be given to sit on the throne of His Father, David, and reign over the house of David for ever, exercising a sovereign rule which should have no end. She was disturbed not so much by these lofty titles of the Babe she was to bring forth, but by the sheer fact that she, a pure maiden, should be destined to the function of motherhood. "How shall this be, seeing that I know not man?" Some have gathered from this that she had taken a vow of virginity, which she had reason to believe that God had accepted, and the inference seems well-founded, for otherwise the angel's words might have seemed to her to predict only that the Child thus promised was to be the fruit of her chaste union with her espoused husband, Joseph. This, however, was obviously not intended, and forthwith the angel gives her to understand that the God who had sent him appreciates the justice of her feelings and means to accomplish His will in her without requiring of her the sacrifice of a purpose so pleasing in His eyes. "The Holy Ghost shall come down upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. *Therefore*, the holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Here the terms employed by the angel need to be very carefully weighed. The Holy Ghost had come down on her already, but He was to come down on her now in a fresh and far more sublime way, the nature of which is indicated by the exegetical clause. The active energy of the Most High, that is, of God, shall overshadow thee and dwell with thee in such wise as to

cause thee to conceive the promised Child, who, in view of his origin thence resulting, shall be called, and therefore shall be, the Son of God. Notice, the action which fertilizes the maternal *ovum* is ascribed to the Holy Ghost as something miraculous, directly accomplishing in the virginal womb the effect normally produced by the *spermatozoon*. To the Holy Ghost the action is imputed as being an act of the Divine love, but as an action of the Holy Trinity, *ad extra*, it belongs, of course, to all the Divine Persons. How then account for the *therefore*? Here it is enough to say that it accords entirely with the Catholic doctrine, according to which what happened was that the human nature formed in the manner indicated in the Virgin's womb did not acquire personality in the ordinary way, but was assumed into His own Personality by the Eternal Word; and it is in virtue of this assumption that it became, not any separate humanity, but the humanity of the Son of God, or in other words, the humanity of God the Son. On learning thus how the mystery was to be wrought, and the part which she was called upon by God to take in its accomplishment, we next read that this lowly maiden, as she took herself to be, made the most perfect offering of herself conceivable, "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." Her attitude here challenges comparison with that of her kinsman, Zacharias, when to him was communicated the lesser wonder that his wife, Elizabeth, though so far advanced in age, was chosen by God to be the mother of the infant John. Though he only put the question, "Whereby shall I know this, for I am an old man and my wife is well stricken in years," just as Mary asked, "How shall this thing be, seeing that I know not man," the Holy Ghost discerned an essential difference between these two replies, ascribing the first to want of faith, which needed to be chastised by a period of dumbness, but accepting the latter as a splendid act of faith, whilst granting to it a guarantee of its accomplishment in the grace accorded to Elizabeth, for "with God nothing is impossible." And thus taught, we are enabled to estimate the fulness of Mary's obedient acceptance. The promise made exceeded far the limits of human nature, and the youthful maiden must have felt it to be far above her comprehension to conceive of the manner of its fulfilment, as of the stupendous weight of responsibility it must lay upon her weak shoulders. But she could leave that to the

God who had chosen her for it, and yield her ready will to correspond in full with His behests. All this was expressed in those simple words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word."

This is St. Luke's account, and it leaves no room whatever for doubt that the birth of the Saviour of mankind was, as the Church has ever understood and confessed, wholly and entirely a Virgin-birth. And when we turn from the Third to the First Gospel, we get exactly the same truth affirmed, though this time the account, as evidently proves itself—by its inclusion, not only of external facts, but likewise of the internal response to those facts by the mind and heart of St. Joseph—to be an account derivable ultimately from his lips. Mary did what, on reflection, we might have expected her to do. It was a Divine secret which the Angel Gabriel had confided to her. She received no directions to impart it to others, and she would leave it therefore to God to choose His own method of making it known when and how He would. In that mind she went, apparently at once, after the departure of the angel, to obey in haste the impulse of her charitable heart, and convey her greetings to St. Elizabeth, and for this purpose did not shrink from the long journey to the far-off hill-country of Judæa. She went, still proposing to keep to herself the news of her own secret, but the Babe she was carrying within her made known His presence there by this first act of His saving ministry, and the other child through its leapings of exultation revealed the cherished mystery to Elizabeth. That was God's doing, not Mary's, and Mary still continued, as far as she was concerned, to hide her grace from all others. Thus it was that she was constrained to undergo what to her intense love of purity must have been a fearful trial. After abiding with Elizabeth three months and being present to bless her confinement, she returned to her home at Nazareth, where at the time St. Joseph was dwelling. The indications of her motherhood were now becoming manifest, and they caused a terrible shock to St. Joseph, unenlightened as he was by any word of explanation from his wife. They were already espoused, and as such had all the rights of a married pair, although in accordance with Jewish custom, the solemn celebrations which preceded the transference of the bride from her parents to her husband's abode, had not yet been held. To others, therefore, the signs of

child-bearing now visible in Mary must have seemed easily intelligible and justifiable, but not to Joseph, who knew well that he had had no part in bringing them about. What then had happened,—and what course ought he to take? He knew Mary so well and had such implicit trust in her, that he could not believe the slightest evil of her; still there was the palpable fact, and in view of it how could he continue to treat her as his wife? There was a legal court to which he could refer the case, but the very reference would risk disgracing her and that risk he would not run. He could not himself see a solution of the mystery which would free her from blame, and yet he could not bring himself to think evil of one so pure; and eventually he decided on a private separation, which would, as far as possible, protect her good name. This plan, so painful for them both and yet the best that human wisdom could devise, brought no relief to the "just man"; however, as he puzzled over the problem in the watches of the night, the angel of the Lord appeared to him and whispered the one word which made darkness light: "Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her, (or born in her), is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son and thou shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Then St. Joseph, full no doubt of awe and reverence, did not hesitate to give his spouse the shelter of his home and the protection of his name.

In the First Gospel, then, we have an account which, though written from a different view-point, that of St. Joseph, exactly fits into the account in St. Luke, and conveys the direct information that (1) the wife was with child at the time referred to, and had been so for some three months; (2) that the husband was conscious that her state was in no sense due to any intervention on his part, but derived from some other source, of the nature of which he was entirely ignorant, but the existence of which, in the lack of any communication whatever from the side of Mary, had aroused in his mind the most cruel and unexpected anxiety, until the coming of the angel entirely removed his perplexity and changed his anxiety into a joyful exultation and gratitude to God.

And the conviction of its truth which the twofold narrative inspired is still further confirmed by the hopelessness of the various efforts that have been made by the rationalistic critics to

elude its force. Of these the chief is the charge of interpolation that has been made against verses 34, 35 of St. Luke's first chapter, the verses in which Mary asks how this can be possible, seeing that she was never to have intercourse with man, and the angel replies that the Holy Ghost will come down upon her, "and the child that shall be born of her shall be called the son of God," are a later interpolation. This suggestion is of course prompted by the anti-miraculous prejudice of the rationalist. It is ingenuous rather than ingenious for it is made without the smallest trace of textual authority, and, besides, it makes the whole passage unintelligible. Verses 36, 37 show that the announcement made to Mary in verses 31, 32 is of a birth, the character of which would be so extraordinary that the analogy of St. John the Baptist's birth was offered as a pledge to remind her that with God all things, even this that was being promised to her, were possible. Moreover, as has been pointed out, the suggested deletion of verses 33, 34 renders unintelligible a more general fact of history. In accordance with Jewish modes of thought it would be preposterous that, if there was to be a human father to the promised child, the communications respecting its birth should not have been made to him, as they were made to Zacharias, not Elizabeth, in the case of St. John the Baptist. The case of the birth of Jesus was unprecedented in this, that they were made to the mother, with no allusion at all to the father. Moreover, this suggestion of an interpolation applied to the narrative of St. Luke leaves untouched the confirmatory narrative of St. Matthew.

On such solid ground does the Gospel account of the Virgin-birth rest, but, as our object in this article is not primarily controversial, but to examine as closely as we can the sources through which the history has been preserved to us, let us inquire now how the knowledge of the facts came into the hands of the Evangelists. Dr. Sanday, in a well-meant contribution to the series of sermons in the volume entitled *Critical Questions*, has suggested Joanna, the wife of Chusa (cf. Luke viii. 3), one of the holy women who had ministered to our Lord in Galilee, and went to seek Him in the tomb on Easter morning (ib. xxiv. 10), as one to whom, "in a moment of quiet confidence, the Mother of the Lord imparted the things which she had kept in her mind and pondered so long; not only the smaller incidents which attended the wondrous event, but that event itself, the great secret of

all." This is well meant, but it does not seem convincing. The truth of the Virgin-birth and the attendant circumstances which Luke narrates to us are of the nature of a dogmatic truth, essentially and fundamentally associated with the entire Gospel revelation. It does not then seem likely that its communication to the Church was left to a chance conversation, "in a moment of confidence" between the Mother and one of the faithful women. It is surely much more credible, seeing the completeness of the contents of the story of the Holy Infancy in St. Luke's first two chapters, that it was a document drawn up by the Virgin herself, and entrusted perhaps to St. John, to whose care her Son had confided her, to be kept for the coming day when it could be passed on to an Evangelist for inclusion in his Gospel. It is reasonable too to suppose the same thing of the companion narrative which bears on its face the suggestion of its source in St. Joseph. It is just though barely conceivable that Mary lived long enough to put her contribution, and perhaps St. Joseph's, into the hands of St. Luke when he came to Jerusalem or Cæsarea, for St. Joseph was presumably dead before the commencement of the Public Life. Thus, there need not have been many intermediaries between the authors of these precious documents and the Evangelists, who, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, transferred them to their pages. We need have no difficulty in presuming that, by the time of this transference, they had become cherished, though confidential, treasures in the hands of those who had been from the first eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word.

But if the Virgin-birth of our Lord is thus clearly and unimpeachably affirmed in the Gospel Story, we must still in our search after the reasons of this mystery, ask ourselves for what object it was so ordained by God's providence. And here in the first place we may consider the doctrine of the Anglican (not the Catholic) Proper Preface for Christmas Day, "because thou didst give Jesus Christ . . . who by the operation of the Holy Ghost was made very man of the substance of the Virgin Mary his mother; and *that without spot of sin to make us clean of all sin.*" To this, indeed, it has been objected by Dr. Sanday in his sermon already referred to, that the fact of a Virgin-birth does not explain the sinlessness of Christ, "since the human element in the birth is thus only halved, it is not removed, and surely the taint of sin which attaches to all that is born of woman might be con-

veyed—and indeed *must* be conveyed—through the woman alone." But this objection depends for its value on the view held by its propounder as to the nature of Original Sin, and here the reader may be referred back to our article on "Original Sin" in THE MONTH for August, 1919. For us who adhere to the Catholic Creed the transmission of original sin is not the transmission of any positive taint as might be that of a microbe of physical disease, but of the privation of a splendid spiritual decoration of the soul which, had there been no Fall, would have been postulated and granted under the exigence of a higher system of Divine providence; and as man not woman was the head and representative of the race it is intelligible that the defect in transmitting its claims should be confined to the act of man in exercising his parental function. Still, this is a point which, inasmuch as the instance of a Virgin-birth is unique, has not needed to be searchingly discussed by the theologians, but one can at least fall back upon the consideration emphasized by the objector we have in view, that "if there was a Divine agency at work (as there was) we may be sure that it would at least refine all it touched."

A more serious objection to the theory in the Anglican Preface for Christmas Day is its assumption that if once it is secured that a sinless man is born into the world, it can be inferred that he can make the whole race of his fellow-men clean from all sins. This forgets that the way of redemption as defined by Scripture and Catholic tradition is the way of adequate expiation, and the mere fact of sinlessness in a purely human Redeemer is far from enabling him to pay this price.

But let us come to the gravest difficulty to which the deniers of the Virgin-birth are open. They tell us that they do not consider themselves disloyal to their Church or to the teaching of the Creeds, because it is quite possible to accept the doctrine of our Lord's Incarnation and still deny the Virgin-birth, which in their estimation involves an impossible miracle and can be avoided by taking the two Gospel-narratives as expressed in the language of poetry not prose, and therefore capable of being interpreted not literally but figuratively. It is on these grounds that Dr. Hensley Henson, in his correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the early part of 1918, maintained that in spite of his rejection of the Virgin-birth, he was orthodox in his interpreta-

tion of the Creeds. Such a position seems to most of us monstrous, for whoever, unless pledged to insincerity, could imagine that such a distinction between poetry and prose was tolerable, or if accepted, would not render it impossible for men to understand one another. However, it must be acknowledged that Dr. Sanday and Dr. Bethune Baker, the two Lady Margaret Professors, have not hesitated to express the same view about prose and poetry, and on the strength of it to rest their denial of the Virgin-birth, notwithstanding the clear language of the Gospels. For ourselves, we can only protest against such an impossible notion and affirm without hesitation that those who adopt it place themselves in direct and flagrant opposition to the testimony of Holy Scriptures as well as to the plain meaning of language.

But apart from this, what about the position that the doctrine of the Incarnation can be consistently held even by those who deny the Virgin-birth? Here let us allow that, as far as abstract possibilities go, the great Suarez admits that even had our Lord been conceived in the normal way, so as to be the child of Joseph and Mary, it would have been absolutely possible for the Eternal Word to intervene at the moment when the child's humanity was first formed, and by assuming it into His own personal unity, to prevent it from attaining to a purely human personality according to the normal order of nature. Others would contest this, but as Suarez admits it, let it stand. But at most it is a purely speculative hypothesis in a very hazardous subject-matter, and no Catholic writer would dream of setting it down as a certainty, and on the strength of it rejecting the far more congruous method of effecting the Incarnation which God actually chose as set forth unmistakably in the Gospels.

S. F. S.

PRIEST-RIDDEN

SIR ROBERT CRAINEY, Baronet, walked into the bazaar with a tolerable, if uncertain, steadiness, and a certain, if somewhat intolerable, air of self-appreciation. He was not a bad sort, Sir Robert, when fully *compos mentis*; but this state being by Sir Robert more honoured in the breach than in the observance, it followed that his better qualities were not as apparent as they might have been. Sir Robert was clever, even brilliant, when "himself": a bookman and a scholar. But unfortunately he was not always "himself": another spirit, or rather a variety of them, sometimes took temporary possession of him, and thus it happened that his mental processes were seldom (any more than his digestive ones) given the chance they deserved.

Sir Robert was in this sense possessed when he walked into the bazaar to-day. His gait was not noticeably unsteady, though it lacked the military precision befitting his rank as honorary colonel in a county regiment. His face was flushed, but this ruddy hue was not out of keeping with his position as the second largest landowner in the neighbourhood of the country town of Blackstead. His ancestral seat, in the midst of the Crainei estate, was a great, low, rambling building, stolen by the Tudors from a Catholic Yorkist, restored under Mary, besieged and retaken under Cromwell, but reinstated in the faith of its ancestors by the fact of Sir Robert Crainei's grandfather becoming a Catholic in the days of the Oxford upheaval. The Crainei line had a long and varied history, and although its genealogy produced numbers of sinners, as most genealogies seem to do, it had not been unproductive of saints. But of these, one has gathered, Sir Robert, latest heir of the name, was not by any means a specimen.

The baronet, having walked some paces into the bazaar precincts, suddenly remembered that he had forgotten the time, though he had no particular reason to remember it at the moment. However, he pulled out his watch, and simultaneously pulled out a bank-note, a packet of postage stamps, a silver pencil holder, and several silver coins which had no strict right to their lodgment in that particular pocket and so could not complain of summary eviction. As a result, these articles were scattered upon the floor, the coins rolling

around in the frolicsome way affected by their kind, and the bank-note yielding gracefully to every passing draught.

Then it was that Sir Robert's real condition became emphasized. Shocked by the sudden apparition of the contents of his pocket, and its lively manner of behaviour (and in his haste omitting to replace his watch), he dropped on his knees and nose, and then, content with retrieving a few coins, turned over into a sitting posture on the floor, his silk hat very much to the left and rather too much to the back, and the effulgence of his countenance very little dimmed by sundry smuts and streaks.

Now it is not a particularly unpleasant thing to sit on the floor. Children, at least, seem to enjoy it; but children feel that they can get up when they want to, which was not the case with Sir Robert, as he had often had occasion to know. Walking with tolerable steadiness is one thing, but regaining one's feet is quite another. However, he essayed the task, dropping his treasure-trove in the attempt, but had made little progress when a strong and genial voice sounded in his ears and a strong and helpful hand gripped his arm.

"Now then, old man!" cried the genial voice. "What's on, eh? Inventing a new game"—Sir Robert was great on games—"or what?"

The breathless baronet made no reply, but gazed up helplessly into the eyes of Dr. Tom Rimmer, the most popular practitioner in the town, popular even among those who referred to him as "an R.C., you know, but a very nice fellow all the same." He had been a very nice fellow to Sir Robert Crainey, Baronet, many a time and oft, and had been instrumental in extricating that worthy landowner from many a tight corner into which his failing had led him. He was, in fact, the Crainey family doctor, and as such was perfectly familiar with Sir Robert's "case."

"Come on then," said Dr. Rimmer—he deftly collected the baronet's chattels and gently replaced the dangling watch—"I've got your things. Up with you! There! How d'you feel now? Steady!—here, take my arm."

"I—I all right!" said Sir Robert. "Course I am. How are you, ole man?"

Sir Robert had walked into the bazaar straightway from "The Dun Cow," where he had not been drinking milk, and what he had drunk was beginning to assert itself more. Dr. Rimmer looked anxiously round. If only Father Anthony

were about! He would be sure to be at the bazaar some time in the afternoon, and he was the only man in town who could successfully persuade the baronet to go home at once. Rimmer knew the baronet of old. Sir Robert had come to the bazaar, and there he would stay as long as he was conscious, which would not, perhaps, be very long after all. But . . . The doctor was cudgelling his brain for an effective excuse to get Sir Robert out into the road and home, when his fears suddenly materialized.

"Say, Rimmer," said the baronet, tugging his friend's arm, "this a bazaar, eh?"

"Yes, a bazaar, of course," assented Dr. Rimmer. "Look here——"

"Wiccan buy things—can't we?"

"Yes, of course—but look here, old man——"

"Less go an' buy things," persisted Sir Robert.

"Come and see my new car—it's outside," urged Dr. Rimmer. "We'll take a spin round——"

"Buy things," repeated Sir Robert. "Why not?"

Dr. Rimmer saw it was hopeless. The baronet was leaning heavily on his arm now, but was determined to proceed in the direction of the stalls. It would be a case of taking him out, or carrying. Dr. Rimmer measured him with his critical eye. Sir Robert might remain talkative, he judged, for half-an-hour or more. After that . . . He wished Father Anthony would appear.

"We are sush tuff, . . ." murmured Sir Robert.

"No, I can't agree with you in the least!" declared Miss Toner, as she and Miss Rylands walked along the bright, dusty road leading to the school buildings that housed the Convent bazaar. "It is of no avail, Clara. *Nothing* will make me believe in your priest-ridden system. I am going to the bazaar to-day—because I like that kind of thing, and because you ask me. It is quite likely I may buy a little something—of a non-Romanist nature—a piece of needlework, perhaps, or an antimacassar. But the system—no!"

Miss Toner made a final little gesture in the air with her neatly-gloved hand, and a slight frown darted over her face—a quite finely featured face, though not a youthful one.

"Clara, let us talk of something else," she went on. "I have quite made up my mind."

"I only wished you," said Miss Rylands gently, "to learn something—I mean something more—about our Church."

Miss Toner smiled grimly. She knew quite sufficient, she thought, about Romanism.

"No priest-ridden religion will satisfy me," she said firmly. "I believe in freedom in religion. Rough-riding over conscience, whether by priest or presbyter—for 'new presbyter is old priest writ large,' as our glorious free-minded Milton said—none of this will do for me, my dear—"

"But, Ada," interposed Miss Rylands (they had grown very intimate, these two ladies; their affection since Miss Toner came to Blackstead developed rapidly, as affection will, when family connection, common friends and mutual sympathies combine), "how often have I told you that it's all nonsense—this idea of being priest-ridden, as you call it. It isn't a matter of being priest-ridden—our deference has quite a reasonable source. We respect our priests because of their special, official connection with God and His worship. We honour their high office—"

Miss Rylands, earnest and zealous to a degree, was none too well-equipped to upset the complacent equilibrium of a Miss Toner. Ladies of Miss Toner's type believe without doubting—only they do not believe whatever God has revealed.

"Please, Clara," she broke in, "let us talk of something else."

"It's reverence," said Miss Rylands again. "Not——"

"It is hopeless," said Miss Toner in a very decisive tone. "Clara, let us talk of something else."

.

The bazaar was on quite a large scale, well stocked, well arranged, and well housed. It was conducted by the little band of Sisters of Notre Dame (those business-like albeit ethereal souls!) who dwelt in the convent three fields away from the monastery of the Franciscan Fathers, the gables of whose house and the spire of whose church could be seen jutting over and out of the pines and poplars in the fields and gardens intervening. The Sisters had come there a dozen years ago, when Blackstead was considerably less of a town and more of a village than at present, and had begun their educational work in a cottage put at their disposal by the Franciscans; and such had been their whole-hearted energy and zeal that from this insignificant start they had soon been compelled to

erect a commodious school-house and convent school, the fame of which had spread throughout the county. So that from the neighbouring cities boarders flocked in large numbers. This is the way with those persistent people, monks and nuns, and parish priests. They will start in a garret, if needs be, and say their prayers and offer Holy Mass: for prayers are more important than palaces to say them in, and the Sublime Sacrifice a far, far greater thing than even a house "array'd in purple, like a house of kings." They know not slackness, nor fatigue: they ask for grace to do God's work, and put that foremost; the rest follows, a visible instance of the eternal maxim "Seek ye first . . ." Such was the case at Blackstead; and the little country town, already Assisi-like in its Franciscan atmosphere, had grown into a little home of learning and piety, sending out scholars as well as preachers into the highways and byeways of the land. And ever and anon there took place at Blackstead such a parochial event as an exhibition, or theatricals by the convent students, or a bazaar like that into which Miss Toner and Miss Rylands and many other inhabitants of Blackstead, and visitors thereto, were at present making their way.

There was a buzz and bustle of life and chatter in the vicinity of the bazaar; for a good many people knew a good many other people, and all had much to talk about, so that the air was kept alive with the hum of many voices,—not were all possessed by those who professed the faith of the originators of this festivity. For the Fathers and Sisters had not made the town of Blackstead, but had merely made it larger and of more note. The original non-Catholic element still remained, though now leavened by some twenty-five per cent of Catholicism. Still, the presence of the monastery and the convent with their obvious industry and zeal and goodness, joined to the prosperity caused by their custom, had considerably softened the anti-papistical sentiments of the majority, and even Miss Toner was not as bad as she sounded. And although she might pretend to know all about the "Romish" system, she had really learned a good deal incidentally from Miss Rylands. As they moved at present amid the buzz and bustle of the bazaar area, Miss Toner was on the verge of learning one further fact—a fact she scarcely noticed at the time, but which was to be impressed upon her mind a little later. Turning the corner of the gravelled walk that led to the main entrance of the bazaar, they found there a slight

congestion, caused by something more than the ordinary crowd.

A four-wheeler stood at the door, and a little crowd stood round it. Miss Rylands, on the outskirts of that little crowd, caught sight of three figures coming out of the bazaar, and gave a little gasp. One was Dr. Tom Rimmer, and one was Father Anthony, O.F.M., and between them was Sir Robert Crainey, his hat well pushed back, the sunlight falling on his face (which was smiling blandly) as he talked incessantly but disconnectedly to Father Anthony, who had somehow gained his interest. "More needs she the divine than the physician," said the doctor of Lady Macbeth; but poor Sir Robert was not without need of both as they drove away with him to the Crainey family seat.

Miss Rylands did not laugh; though many made up for her omission. "How disgraceful!" she said to Miss Toner. And added: "What a blessing Father Anthony came! He's the only man who can do anything with Sir Robert—when he's like that."

"You people are so priest-ridden," observed Miss Toner.

Miss Toner's cottage, which she held in fee, was quite a little picture. Gabled and blossomed and decked with creepers, with leaded windows and window balconies, it caught the eye arrestingly even among the others that stood, detached, on the road between the Friary lane and the Blackstead High Street, separated from the road by their own little gardens. They were all—but especially Miss Toner's—ideal little places to have and to hold in "quiet enjoyment," as their title-deeds actually said.

Miss Toner was going in for quiet enjoyment just at present. She sat on a rustic garden bench, reading, and feeling extremely complacent. Polly, her grey parrot, who was partial to the garden (or, at least, Miss Toner thought so, though on account of the bird's sustained woodenness of demeanour it was rather hard to judge), perched on the cage-swing, muttering like the heathen vain repetitions to itself. After a while, Miss Toner, having consulted her watch, closed her book, rose from the rustic bench and moved towards the garden gate, bringing the cage with her and leaving it just inside. She expected visitors this afternoon: visitors no less distinguished than the wife of the vicar of the seventeenth-century church at the end of the town opposite the monastery, and a stranger,

a friend of hers, from another vicarage in the neighbourhood. They were expected at four. It was now a quarter to the hour; so Miss Toner crossed the threshold of her garden and proceeded slowly down the quiet, sequestered road, round the bend of which her visitors might at any moment appear.

The afternoon was of the superbest Autumn kind. The "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" seemed now to exert its ripened beauty to the utmost. White clouds, like hills of feathers, sailed high in the vaulted blue; lower down the sun hung its mighty glare above the hills, and soon would be screened by a thin belt of slate-coloured strata whence its light would drop like falling gold. Miss Toner stopped at the bend of the road, found no one in sight, and turned to retrace her steps.

But now a person was seen approaching in the opposite direction. Miss Toner put on her long-distance glasses, and recognized the figure of Sir Robert Crainey. She felt distinctly annoyed. She had never got on well with Sir Robert, even when he had been "himself"; and she had met him more than once when he hadn't been. His manner towards her was usually of the free and easy sort, which she was unable to resent in a man of his position, but which never failed to ruffle her dignity. However, there was nothing for it. She walked slowly up the road towards her own white garden gate.

Sir Robert had been a little distance beyond the gate when she had first espied him, but he reached it before she did and stood there awaiting her. She now saw that he wore rough sporting tweeds, topped by a somewhat inharmonious silk hat, which he wore, moreover, pushed rather far back on his head. Also, to add to the incongruity, he carried a gun, carried it awkwardly under his arm like an umbrella. He was obviously what is euphemistically called "under the influence," but it was not a dumb spirit that possessed him. Sir Robert, a Shakespearean student, was reciting from his favourite poet.

Miss Toner prepared to walk sedately past,—"*Drat the man!*" she thought, "*I do hope he'll be out of the way before they come!*"—admiring the landscape and the row of cottages through her lorgnette. "*I would not for anything,*" she told herself, "*that even if sober he should be about when they arrive. But I'm afraid . . . oh, drat the man!*" For the baronet, instead of stepping aside, found the gate so restful and safe that he was loth to let it go. There he stood, or

rather hung, and, finding an unexpected audience, went on with his Shakespearean recital with all the more gusto.

"Good evening," said Miss Toner, with as much patience as she could command.

"In such a night," said Sir Robert, standing his ground. "In such a night as this, when the sweet wind" . . .

"Allow me, please," said Miss Toner peremptorily, fearful lest her guests should happen on so disgraceful a scene.

She looked up the long white road. No one was yet in sight. But, alas! Sir Robert, with unseeing eyes fixed on the horizon, was continuing his rhapsodies.

"Doubt," said he with immense unction, "that the stars are fire. Doubt that the sun doth move. Doubt truth to be a liar. But"—he made a pathetic gesture towards the sky—"never doubt my love!"

This was terrible. Yet things more terrible were to come. Polly, silent and sullen by the gate up to now, caught the final word "love," an endearing term often used by her mistress, and responded promptly by a shrill "Hello!"

Sir Robert wheeled round, nearly dropping his gun. Polly turned a speculative eye towards him, and the baronet, switched on to a new train of quotation, cried out, "How now, you secret, black and midnight hag!"

"Hello, love," said Polly, without emotion.

Miss Toner was looking wildly up the road.

"Two stars," mused Sir Robert, "make not their motion in one sphere. Nor can one England brook the double reign—of Harry. Go to, you cullion, why speakesht not? . . . Percy and the Prince of Wales . . . the time has come to end the one of us."

"Hello, love!" cried Polly once more, and relapsed into wooden reserve.

"Aha!" said Sir Robert, "be bloody, bold and resolute . . . thine hour has come." He fumbled with his gun; then raised it and took shaky aim at the cage. Miss Toner turned at the moment but too late. Sir Robert fired.

Miss Toner screamed and clasped her hands over her eyes.

"Hello, love!" cried Polly, reassuringly. The noise had had a rousing effect, but the bullet had flown far and wide. "Hello! hello! hello!"

At that moment Father Anthony came round the bend of the road.

Miss Rylands, returning from the Franciscan Church, was witness of an incident not wholly dissimilar from that which she had witnessed that day at the Convent bazaar.

For a moment she stood on the long white road to gaze at the somewhat remarkable spectacle of a Franciscan friar carrying a gun in one hand and gripping the arm of a tipsy baronet with the other, both proceeding towards Crainey Manor, apparently in amicable discussion.

And a moment later Miss Rylands, as she paused at her friend's gate, witnessed a scene the like of which she had never witnessed before. Miss Toner on the rustic bench beside her darling parrot, demanding of the bird what she would have done if Father Anthony hadn't come and taken him (the baronet) away.

A moment later still, in the parlour, Miss Rylands heard the story, in scraps. At the end of it one fact was dominant—Father Anthony had saved the situation. Miss Rylands saw her opportunity, and took it.

"Well, my dear," she said, as Miss Toner concluded, "wasn't it rather lucky for you that Sir Robert *is* priest-ridden after all? Suppose he—suppose we—had no respect for our priests—for Father Anthony or any of them? What would he have done?—would he have gone off so easily, my dear? Now, Ada, you know how honest you are . . ."

"Well," admitted Miss Toner, "perhaps—perhaps he wouldn't, Clara . . . I suppose he wouldn't."

"Of course he wouldn't," said Miss Rylands. "And, Ada, it's what I told you before. It's just reverence. Instinctive but well grounded reverence. We Catholics—though we may fall, and do—still we have that sentiment towards our priests. Don't you think here it is worth while to learn a little more about the faith that creates such a disposition and gives grounds for it? It is rather peculiar, don't you think?"

An hour's experience may do more than weeks of argument; and one touch of personal adventure may melt years of prejudice.

"Well, perhaps I do, Clara," said Miss Toner. "Perhaps I do."

"Hello, love!" cried Polly, as the vicar's wife knocked at the door.

W. J. RANDALL.

TO RECONSTRUCT THE PAST

THE human race has made such progress as it has achieved through a process of trial and error, that is, through learning and profiting by the lessons of experience. And one main function of human history is to preserve that past experience in such a form that its lessons may be rightly appreciated and applied. Hence the handicap under which a people labours whose histories are in the main false, not because they always say what is untrue, but because their writers have not the principles and knowledge necessary for a right interpretation of the facts. Hence, as has often been pointed out in this Review, the duty incumbent upon those who have, in the Catholic faith, the key to human history, to do all they can to rescue their fellows from that conspiracy against the truth which is embodied in non-Catholic historical text-books. No reconstruction of our ruined civilization is possible unless we know the real truth about the past.

The Catholic aim in reconstruction is well expressed in the motto adopted from St. Paul by the Catholic Social Guild: "*Restaurare omnia in Christo.*" The hour has now come of which Cardinal Bourne warned us in his great pastoral of February, 1918; the time when "we have to be on our guard lest desire of power and gain at the cost of the moral law should re-assert its sway in our social and national life."¹ The Cardinal points out that never before have the Catholics of this country had a greater responsibility on them; for to-day "it is in our power to render to our fellow-countrymen services of immense value for the common well-being, no less than for the salvation of innumerable souls. The ultimate end of Nation and of Empire, as of the individuals that compose them, is to give glory to God, and to promote that glory by aiding and not checking men in the fulfilment of the purpose for which God made them. So long as the teaching of the Catholic Church embodied the religious sentiments of the English people, this ideal was never deliberately set aside; and the religious edifices that grew up in the midst of a very sparse population, with the charitable and educa-

¹ 1918, Quinquagesima Sunday. Republished as *The Nation's Crisis* (C.S.G. 3d.).

tional purposes which they once sheltered, are an abiding witness to what our forefathers accepted as principles of life and conduct."¹

It is our duty then, as Catholics, to bring this teaching before the people in every state of life, and good work is already being done in many directions. In England the Catholic Headmasters' Conference has considered and arranged an excellent course of Christian Apologetics,² and textbooks have been written to meet the needs of our schools in that respect.³ A glance at the Catholic Social Guild *Year Book* for 1919⁴ will show the results attained by pioneers in the field of Social Science; and the examination board of the same organization offers opportunities for our schools to study with profit Christian Social principles. Surely then this is the time to call attention to the urgent need of reconstruction in another sphere—that of English History.

Questions naturally arise at once. What does history teach us? How is history connected with the work of England's conversion? What part can history play in modern social reconstruction? To answer at length would be to cover old ground needlessly. The first question is admirably dealt with by the late W. S. Lilly in an Introductory Dialogue to his *Chapters in European History*, written in 1885. His thesis is this: "The question is beyond dispute that in the whole career of man on this planet, materially, socially, ethically, there has been vast progress."⁵ History outlines for us this march of progress, teaching us that obedience to just law is the one means of advance and freedom, the condition of well-being for nations and for individuals alike; and further the great lesson which the world is so prone to forget: "that right imposed by force of arms and not by virtue is unjust and cannot last," for a crushed nation never dies. The history of the world, Mr. Lilly points out, is the judgment of the world, and the well-being of nations depends on their choice of good or evil. We cannot doubt it so long as we believe in a God who will call on each and all to give an account of their stewardship. "Unquestionably a nation's wrong-doing is visited on the third and fourth generation. What man whose

¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 34—35.

² Cf. Reports of the Catholic Headmasters' Conferences for 1917 and 1918.

³ For instance, *Principles of Catholic Apologetics*, by Father Walsh (Longmans). *Apologetics and Christian Doctrine*, by Canon Sheehan (Gill and Son).

⁴ "The C.S.G. and its work," Oxford, 1s. net.

⁵ Vol. I, p. 15.

moral sense is not hopelessly blunted can doubt the heavy penalty which has still to be paid by England for her centuries of tyrannous oppression and senseless cruelty to Ireland."¹ The great lessons that history teaches are thus summed up by Mr. Lilly: "That man by a necessity of his nature strives after perfection; that obedience to law, universal and divine, is the condition of perfection; that the great men sent into the world from time to time are the preachers of that law: these are the three great facts writ large in history. And the third, like the other two, witnesses for God."²

How does all this apply to our problems of to-day, especially to the great work of England's conversion? That question also is answered in an article which appeared in *THE MONTH* just a year ago:³ "I make bold to say that what chiefly prevents non-Catholics from returning to the faith of their ancestors . . . is their false historical view of the action of the Catholic Church in England. At least that is the first barrier they encounter in their progress towards the truth, a barrier erected by scores of historians misrepresenting the true character of the Church. The intending convert has to unlearn much school history before he can open his mind to the Church's message."

So much for the importance of historical truth in respect to the conversion of England. But there is yet another question to answer: how is history connected with social reconstruction? We turn again to Cardinal Bourne's pastoral. He says that the old Catholic tradition of England has never been wholly obliterated. "Social reformers of every school are turning more and more to Catholic tradition for their inspiration, and even in the aspirations and demands of extremists we may often discern that belief in the value of human personality, that insistence on human rights, that sense of human brotherhood, and that enthusiasm for liberty, which are marked features of Catholic social doctrine."⁴

Here we reach the crux of the question. If we are to learn the great lessons of history; if we are to remove the first barrier to conversions; if the social reformers outside the Church are to find the tradition they seek; we must provide for the coming generations; we must begin where error is first imbibed; we must have a thoroughly reliable school text-

¹ Vol. I. p. 35.

² Vol. I. 37.

³ "The Lie in English History," *THE MONTH*, January, 1919.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 15-16.

book of History, sufficiently exhaustive to meet the modern needs of our colleges and to be of use in university courses. In the history of England it is both easy and important to illustrate the necessity of obedience to law and the bearing of the action of the Catholic Church on the social and political development of the people.

The study of social conditions is to-day seen to be of the first importance, and the civilizing influence of the Church should be fully recognized. But do we find all or any of this in the school text-books in use? Quite the contrary! As THE MONTH article points out, in purely English history the whole position is a denial of Catholicism. "Outside the line of Catholic tradition, [historians] are incapable of understanding the Church. At their hands pre-Reformation history suffers grievous distortion, and the whole notion of the Reformation itself is falsified."¹ One might add that for most of the post-Reformation period the action of the Catholic Church is simply regarded as political high-treason against the State. Nor are our present text-books any better if we seek to learn from them the great lessons this war has taught us, and which we should long ago have learnt from history. We are deliberately misled through national or racial sentiment, or a spurious sense of patriotism. English historians glorify our sea-pirates, vilify hostile nations like France and Spain, and ignore or defend our misrule in Ireland. In fact, from the Englishman's point of view, no better defence of Irish policy could be offered than one drawn from our non-Catholic school text-books. For there one may find an admirable exposition of England's conciliatory and benignant administration, and a most plausible explanation—nay, at times, an unblushing defence—of assumed right imposed by force of arms.

Lest these statements should appear exaggerated or unfounded it may not be out of place here to offer extracts from text-books widely used. As in a short article the selection must necessarily be limited, one resists the temptation to deal with such supposed "facts" of the Reformation period as Foxe's *Martyrs*, the evils of Mary Tudor's Spanish marriage, the Jesuit Invasion of Britain, or Tudor "conciliation" in Ireland. The selection is from three text-books only—*Tutorial History of England* (Fearenside); *England and the Reformation* (Powers, in the Oxford Series); and *Outlines*

¹ THE MONTH, January, p. 7.

of *English History* (Carter); and the period chosen is the crucial years 1526—1536. But though these books are selected it must not be supposed that their method of treatment is exceptional. They but reflect the general tone of the non-Catholic text-books in ordinary use.

I. Henry's "scruples of conscience" about his first marriage.

(a) It was during the negotiations (for the marriage of Henry's daughter Mary) that her legitimacy was first publicly called into question.¹

(b) It is not surprising that the death of all Catherine's children except Mary should have caused Henry qualms of conscience about the validity of his marriage with his deceased brother's wife.²

(c) Since the beginning of the negotiations (for putting away Catherine) Henry had fallen in love with Anne Boleyn.³

(d) According to the ideas of the time, there was nothing new in Henry's wish to be separated from her.⁴

(e) To ensure the peaceful descent of the Crown legitimate male offspring to the King was required, but none existed.⁵

All this is simply an attempt to whitewash Henry VIII., and both Fearenside and Powers calmly ignore many obvious points. No practising Christian, nay, not even a "man of the world," could honestly consider Henry's scruples, whether about the succession, or about the legitimacy of his marriage, to be genuine. The King's passion for Anne began at latest in 1526, and probably much earlier⁶—that is, long before his supposed scruples. When we take a real historian, not a compiler of examination text-books, we get a fairer treatment. For instance, Mr. Brewer⁷ makes short work of the King's supposed tenderness of conscience by instancing Henry's intrigues at Rome and elsewhere; his lies to Catherine; his duplicity with Wolsey; his fiction about the Bishop of Tarbes questioning Mary's legitimacy; and his final breach with Rome. Moreover, if he really was anxious about the succession, his dealings with Anne Boleyn, and his wish to marry a woman so much beneath him, were not the best method of extinguishing possible pretenders. Finally, as a

¹, ² Fearenside, para. 288—89.

³ Fearenside, par. 289.

⁴, ⁵ Powers, pp. 39—40.

⁶ Lingard, Vol. IV. c. viii.

⁷ *The Reign of Henry VIII.* Vol. II. pp. 163—164.

theologian—even if a very amateur one—he must have known the irrefragable strength of Catherine's case.

II. The breach with Rome.

(a) Henry VIII. returned to the Conqueror's policy of asserting his right to control the making of the Church Law.¹

(b) The Royal Supremacy as defined by Henry VIII. was based on the precedents set by William I. Henry I. Henry II., and Edward III.²

(c) The King's marriage was the occasion, not the cause of the Reformation, and Henry's suit for the nullity of marriage was undecided, and with it the course of the English Reformation being intermixed.³

Comment on these assertions seems needless, so question-begging are they all, but the reader will find an excellent answer to Mr. Fearenside's ideas of the origin and nature of the Royal Supremacy in a book, *That Arch-Liar Froude*, published in England by Herder last November. In it Father Hull, S.J., of Bombay, deals adequately with all the old charges to which reference is here made.

III. The dissolution of the Monasteries.

(a) Both the theory and the existing practice of monasticism were widely disapproved by the best men of the day.⁴

(b) The results of Cromwell's visitation of the Monasteries were embodied in a report (*i.e.*, the Black Book)—no longer extant—presented to the Reformation Parliament.⁵

(c) The report (of the Visitors) embodied in what is called the "Black Book" showed the existence of much immorality and vice.⁶

(d) In England monasticism had long been showing unmistakable signs of corruption and decay. For more than a century it had not produced a single person of eminence. . . . The number of monastic inmates had declined in spite of efforts—including even the kidnapping of children⁷—to keep it up. . . . Their general character was one of laziness, ignorance, self-indulgence, and bigotry. Some of the houses, as was perhaps inevitable among a large celibate body, were disgraced by immorality and vice, etc., etc.⁷

¹ Fearenside, pars. 293 and 298.

² Powers, p. 50.

³, ⁴ Fearenside, pars. 300—301.

⁵ Carter's *Outlines*, p. 57.

⁶, ⁷ Powers, pp. 59—60. One cannot but suspect him of misreading chap. lix. of St. Benedict's Rule.

(e) The monks (of the smaller monasteries suppressed) were either pensioned off or taken into the larger monasteries.¹

This is but a sample of the glaring falsification of historical facts indulged in by Protestant historians when dealing with the monasteries. But the evidence against these writers is overwhelming. Mr. Powers had evidently never even heard of two Benedictine monks of Canterbury, Selling and Hadley, who were the real pioneers of the English Literary Revival, and the former of whom was tutor to Linacre.² Nor did he take the trouble to ascertain the number of degrees obtained at his own or foreign universities, by Benedictine monks alone, during this hundred years of "laziness and ignorance." One wonders how he would attempt to refute the established conclusions of Cardinal Gasquet.

As for the Bill of 1536, Parliament passed it because that body was required to do so, and the only written evidence offered to the members was the preamble to the Act which states that the King had ascertained the condition of the monasteries from the *comperta* and by "sundry creditable informations." But we know now that the Bill was not even based on the *comperta*; for in these reports of the northern visitation some of the larger monasteries were the worst defamed, and "the *comperta* afford no warrant for the extraordinary assertion that vice prevailed invariably where the numbers fell below twelve, and that the greater monasteries were better regulated" (Gairdner).³ Pressure was evidently brought to bear on Parliament, and though to what extent this was necessary is not quite clear, we cannot afford to neglect the King's threat as reported by Spelman, in our consideration of the evidence at our disposal.⁴ The professed desire of the King to send the inmates to larger monasteries was not carried out in practice.⁵ Unfortunately, too, for these would-be historians, we have many of the visitors' letters to Cromwell, and from them, as well as from the records of episcopal visitations, "it is clearly proved that anything like general immorality was altogether unknown among the religious of England" (Gasquet).⁶ And if the men who visited the monasteries could find no sufficient evidence of general immorality, it certainly could not have been there, for, as *The*

¹ Carter, p. 57.

² *The Eve of the Reformation* (Gasquet), chap. ii.

³ *History of the English Church in the 16th Century*, p. 157.

⁴ *History of Sacrilege*, p. 183.

⁵, ⁶ *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, Vol. I. c. vii.

Athenæum said in November, 1888, "it is almost inconceivable that any monastery in England contained such wretches as the most prominent of the men who came to destroy them." Finally, as for the supposed "Black Book," we challenge any Protestant historian to produce sufficient evidence of its ever existing. The first mention of any "Black Book" occurs in a document "On the mode of dissolving Abbeys," probably drawn up for the information of Elizabeth, and "the references herein made to the contents of that book are certainly not borne out by any of the Visitors' letters still in existence" (Gasquet).¹ If it ever existed, where is it now? Burnet, almost a second Arch-Liar, says it was destroyed in Mary's reign to save the reputation of the monasteries. This assertion is ingenious but ill-founded, and the destruction of the book would certainly not have saved their reputation, but rather the contrary.

We should remember that these are extracts from text-books which we must perforce place in the hands of our Catholic youths, because of the lack of satisfactory text-books of our own. We ask for yet another "History for Catholic Schools," because, unfortunately, we find ourselves faced with competition in these days of stress and striving. Public examinations by University Boards may be a regrettable necessity—but they are a necessity for the ordinary run of schools. Consequently we must find text-books to meet our needs. The only two Catholic Histories the writer knows of: (1) *Introduction to English History*, School Series (Burns and Oates, 1859); and (2) *A History of England for Catholic Schools*, by Mr. Wyatt-Davies, unfortunately do not do so. The first, even if still in print, is purely a vindication of Catholicity, with undue prominence given to events more nearly touching religion, and with little or no regard to constitutional developments, colonial expansion, foreign contemporary history, or the literary and social condition of England. Moreover, it is quite unsuited for use in schools where two, or at most three, short periods per week are allotted for history, because it is not divided into paragraphs with suitable headings, and would need constant analysis and amplification.

The book by Mr. Wyatt-Davies more nearly approximates to modern needs, but it has one or two failings particularly its own. It is in no sense detailed enough for examination

¹ *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, Vol. I. c. vii.

work for the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board Examinations; and one feels inclined to take exception at once to the remark in his preface: "Where I have had occasion to touch on religious questions I have endeavoured to avoid a controversial tone, believing it advisable, on grounds both of religion and of patriotism, that young Catholics should not be encouraged to view the facts of the nation's development through an atmosphere of controversy." The consequence is that he omits, or does not face, issues on which we are persistently attacked in Protestant text-books. To-day Catholic history must be more candid. Lies are best refuted by direct exposure.¹

It may be objected that since we have already many reliable and exhaustive works, by Protestants as well as by Catholics, on the more important questions of English history, the compiling of a special text-book for our schools is not necessary, because the tutor can easily correct false impressions. The answer is that time does not allow of this being done satisfactorily. Nor must we neglect the fact that the mere reading of these false views has an undesirable influence on the youthful mind. These text-books are mentally unhealthy—and it is found in practice that they create, at times, an attitude of mind almost suspicious of what inquiring youth learns to call "the Catholic point of view"; as though indeed we were giving but our side of the picture, and not strict historical truth. Truth has only one side, and it needs not the apologia even of Catholic professors when presented in the right way. But it must be so presented—and it must be presented in *print*. The schoolboy's mind is still untrained, and uncritical, and, no matter what may be said to the contrary, what most boys find in print has an immense influence. How difficult, therefore, is the position of a teacher who attempts to deal with history in a class of youths from 16 to 18—boys who have been acquainted from their days in a Preparatory School upwards with Protestant text-books—who now begin to read widely for themselves in an attempt to specialize—and who, in their seeking, find a mass of corroborative evidence from the usual histories in libraries!

There is a further difficulty. It has been said, and with

¹ The problem of the Catholic Historical Text-Book was discussed by Father John Pollen in *THE MONTH* as long ago as August, 1905, in an article which showed keen appreciation of the need and offered valuable suggestions as to the manner of supplying it. The need is even greater now than it was then.

some truth, that the very fact that a man is destructive in criticism unfits him for any constructive work in which his contemporaries can have confidence. All the more reason then for doing away with the necessity of destructive criticism by rejecting all Protestant text-books from our schools.

It is to be feared that at times considerations of examination results outweigh all others, and we hear masters say that any book will do, because any book contains views acceptable to the public examination boards. But we need fear no longer the hostile attitude of examiners, nor consider them prejudiced. Catholic students have proved the contrary by results already attained. Examiners have commended "originality of view," provided always that sufficient support is offered for our contentions.

Lastly, whether we fear our results may suffer or not, as Catholics we cannot be content with teaching less than the truth. The aim of all education in our schools, secular as well as religious, should be, in the words of Saint Augustine:

"Ut veritas pateat, ut veritas placeat, ut veritas moveat."

J. B. RYAN, O.S.B.

[NOTE.—Our learned contributor's main contention is strongly corroborated by a short essay on the same subject in *The Sower* for December (p. 114), where G. M. M. C. tells us that "among a class of Catholic girls—average age 14½—more than half included 'the firm establishment of the Church of England' in their catalogue of the 'glories of Elizabeth's reign.'" We cannot conceive an attempt being made to teach Catholic children their religion from a Protestant catechism, yet we complacently allow their faith to be weakened in this indirect fashion, because of our lack of enterprise in providing text-books of true history.—ED.]

SOME PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF MYSTICISM

THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.

IT would be a matter of some interest to investigate how and when the phrase "the odour of sanctity" first took its rise. St. Paul, of course, tells us in his second Epistle to the Corinthians (ii. 15): "we are the good odour of Christ unto God," and this perhaps might point more naturally to a metaphorical interpretation. But there is at the same time so much evidence of an early date which suggests that certain facts in the physical order have played their part in the evolution of this idea that it would certainly be rash to exclude the more literal explanation. Probably the earliest testimony which can be produced is that contained in the famous letter of the Christians of Smyrna, describing the martyrdom of their holy Bishop, St. Polycarp, in A.D. 155. They say:

When he had offered up the Amen and finished his prayer, the firemen lighted the fire. And a mighty flame flashing forth, we to whom it was given to see, saw a marvel, yea and we were preserved that we might relate to the rest what happened. The fire, making the appearance of a vault, like the sail of a vessel filled by the wind, made a wall round about the body of the martyr; and it was there in the midst, not like flesh burning but like gold and silver refined in a furnace. For we perceived such a fragrant smell, as if it were the wafted odour of frankincense or some other precious spice.

So at length the lawless men, seeing that his body could not be consumed by fire, ordered an executioner to go up to him and stab him with a dagger. And when he had done this there came forth a quantity of blood so that it extinguished the fire, and all the multitude marvelled that there should be so great a difference between the unbelievers and the elect.

No critic nowadays contests the authenticity of this letter. It was undoubtedly written by those who were eye-witnesses of what happened. The same is also true of the letter which was despatched some twenty years later (*i.e.*, about A.D. 177) by the Christians of Vienne and Lyons to their brethren in Asia Minor. Here the survivors, speaking of the more heroic among their number who boldly defied the persecutors, say:

They went out rejoicing, glory and grace being blended in their faces, so that even their bonds seemed like beautiful ornaments, as those of a bride adorned with variegated golden fringes; and they were fragrant with the sweet odour of Christ, so that some even supposed that they had been anointed with earthly ointment.¹

It appears, then, that already in the second century the idea was familiar throughout the Christian world that high virtue was in some cases miraculously associated with fragrance of body. Another example, equally attested by historical evidence of the highest class, may be cited from the accounts preserved to us of the death of St. Simeon Stylites in 459. From more than one source we learn that his privileged disciple Anthony, unable to obtain any response from his master, climbed to the platform of the column and found the Saint's body "exhaling the perfume as it were of many spices." So again St. Gregory the Great in his *Dialogues* tells us of the poor afflicted Servulus, whom he personally knew:

While he lay giving ear within himself to that divine harmony, his holy soul departed this mortal life: at which time all that were there present felt a most pleasant and fragrant smell, whereby they perceived how true it was that Servulus said. A monk of mine, who yet liveth, was then present, and with many tears useth to tell us that the sweetness of that smell never went away, but that they felt it continually until the time of his burial.²

Or to take an example from our own country in the early centuries, we are told of St. Guthlac, the hermit, in his last hours on earth, that "when he turned himself again and recovered his breath, there came fragrance from his mouth like the odour of the sweetest flowers." Further, after the Saint had expired, his disciple "heard angelic songs thro' the regions of the air, and all the island (of Crowland) was profusely filled with the exceeding sweetness of a wondrous odour." Also we learn that when his sister St. Pega "came

¹ Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, V. i. § 35. In a note which Harnack has published in the *Zeitschrift für Kirchengeschichte*, II. pp. 291—296 (1878) he refers to the *Acta S. Thecla*, c. 35. and seems to suggest that it was a common thing for Christians to throw sweet perfumes and spices to the martyrs as a symbol of immortality, but this rationalistic explanation could meet very few of the cases alleged.

² *Dialogus of St. Gregory* (iv. 14). A seventeenth century translation, edited by Dr. E. Gardner. London, 1911, p. 195. Similar examples of fragrance after death are recounted by St. Gregory, *Ibid.* iv. 27, and iv. 47; the evidence in the former case being particularly good.

on the next day, according to the command of the blessed man, they found all the place and the buildings filled with the sweetness of the herb ambrosia."¹ These statements are derived from the Life of the Saint by his contemporary Felix, and the general trustworthiness of the biography in question is disputed by no one.²

Now while of course we are bound to recognize that one or other of these descriptions may owe something to the fervent imagination of a single reporter, writing possibly under deep emotional stimulus, still the accord among these witnesses, so widely separated in place and time, is not a little remarkable, and, what is perhaps more striking, there is a consensus of testimony as to the occurrence of similar manifestations in recent centuries which cannot be ignored. In a short article like the present it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the number of examples which have been recorded. The vast majority of cases have to do with the fragrance proceeding after death from the mortal remains of some of God's specially devoted servants, and this does not immediately concern us here, but there are also many instances of Saints whose person, dress, and cell have diffused sweet odours during life in such a way as to attract the general attention of their intimates and visitors.

What lends a certain confirmation to the accounts referred to is the occurrence of facts of a similar nature among spiritualistic phenomena, notably in the case of the medium, Mr. Stainton Moses. This gentleman, who, it must be remembered, was not a professional medium, and who is spoken of with the sincerest respect by all who knew him intimately,³ gives the following account of his own personal experience. It is contained in a letter to *The Spiritualist* newspaper for January 1, 1875:

¹ Goodwin, *Life of St. Guthlac*, pp. 87—91. The rendering of the Anglo-Saxon is convenient to quote. The original Latin of Felix is printed in the *Acta Sanctorum*.

² A more modern example of perfume making itself perceptible at the moment of death may be quoted from the Life of Caterina Savelli († 1691). "Prima che ella spirasse fu sentita da' Domestici una suavissima fragranza," etc. G. B. Memmi, *Vita*, p. 172.

³ Mr. Stainton Moses was originally a clergyman of the Church of England. His spirit guides seem to have overthrown his faith in the creeds and he retired into lay communion, acting for many years as lecturer in the English language at University College, London. As may be learned from the articles devoted to him in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vols. IX. and XI., he was highly esteemed by all.

In every circle with which I am acquainted, some means is used for inducing harmonious conditions. This is usually done by means of music or singing. In our circle it has always been done by means of perfumes. From the very first we have been enjoined to stillness, and attempts at conversation have been repressed. We do not use a musical box, nor has music been asked for. But no séance passes without perfumes being showered upon us or perfumed waves of air being wafted round the circle. These waves of air usually blow over my head, so that by putting up my hand I can feel the cold air blowing over my head twelve or eighteen inches above it. It is not until the waves of scented air come round to me that I detect the presence of perfume, except on rare occasions.

These perfumes are of various kinds, rose, sandal-wood, and verbena, being favourites. Any sweet-scented flowers in the room are utilized and their perfume extracted. This is notably the case in the country. We have noticed in such cases that the presence of a particular flower in the room would determine the prominent spirit odour; and that particular blossoms would have all the perfume extracted from them for the time, though the odour would return on the following day. Sometimes, however, a perfectly distinct odour would be extracted from—or, more precisely, be put upon—a particular flower. In this case the flower invariably withered and died in a short time.

It is now some months since I first noticed the presence of a perfumed atmosphere round myself, especially during times when I was suffering pain. I have been liable to neuralgia, and at such times those around me have noticed the presence of perfume of various kinds, such as those we observe during our séances. One evening I was standing at an open window through which the air was blowing, and the perfume of rose was so marked that friends who were present endeavoured to trace it to some definite source. It was found to be localised in a spot no bigger than a shilling at the top of my head. The spot was perceptibly wet with the perfume, which oozed out more freely, on pressure. Since that time we have become familiar with the fact, and have ceased to wonder when the perfume shows itself, if I am suffering pain. The process is, I am informed, remedial, and I have knowledge of at least one medium now living, who has frequently observed a similar phenomenon, though not referable to perfume localised in one spot.

But, indeed, the fact is both new and old. We have not observed it of late years, perhaps because we have not searched for it, but in mediæval days the fact was perfectly familiar. It is only now that we are beginning to understand the phenomena of mediumship, which showed themselves among the monks, nuns and recluses of the middle ages. They were in many cases

powerful mediums, they gave themselves the best conditions—seclusion, prayer, fasting—and the odour of sanctity became a well-known occurrence among them. Only they named it badly. There was no particular sanctity about them or about us now—frequently, the reverse. The perfume had nothing to do with sanctity. It was a phenomenon of mediumship which was rife then, and which exists now, perhaps more frequently than we know.

Of course we have more evidence for all this than Mr. Stainton Moses' unsupported statement. His friends, and especially Dr. and Mrs. Charlton Speer, confirm his statements in all material points. Neither is there any reason for suspecting these perfectly respectable people of conspiring to deceive the public. At the same time it should be noted that the fragrance which perfumed the air at the séances referred to was in many respects different from the phenomena I have found recorded in the Lives of the Saints. In the former case we seem to have the presence of certain material scents, definitely recognized as the perfume of particular flowers, which were, so to speak, sprayed upon the persons present, and which smarted, as we learn from other witnesses, when a few drops accidentally got into their eyes. Sometimes, again, the scent would be poured upon the heads or the handkerchiefs of the sitters. But the most striking difference between these phenomena of the séance-room and the "odour of sanctity" with which Mr. Stainton Moses compares them is the fact that the ascetics so honoured, instead of making a display of their mysterious gifts, did their utmost to hide them from the knowledge of men. The exact opposite seems always to have been the case even with unpaid mediums like Stainton Moses and D. D. Home. They exploited their powers for their own credit, if not for their pecuniary emolument, and there is little of modesty to be found in anything they have written on the subject.

In selecting a few examples of more recent date to illustrate the olfactory phenomena which meet us in hagiographical literature, we may begin with an instance recounted by St. Theresa. In her *Book of Foundations* she speaks at some length of a contemporary of hers, the famous Spanish ascetic, Catalina de Cardona, a lady of very high family, who to the distress of her noble relations, embraced a life of solitude and extraordinary austerity. Catalina paid a short visit to the Carmelite convent of Toledo, and St. Theresa reports of her:

All our nuns assured me that there was about her a fragrance as that of relics, so strong that it moved them to give thanks to our Lord; it clung even to her habit and her girdle which she left behind, for they took her habit from her and gave her another; and the nearer they came to her the more strongly did they perceive it, though her dress, owing to the heat which then prevailed, was of a kind to be offensive rather than otherwise. I know they would not say anything which was not in every way true.¹

It is plain that St. Theresa herself fully believed in the reality of the phenomenon. Similar manifestations were afterwards to be recorded of many members of her own Order, and so far as regards the fragrance of the body after death there is probably no example in history in which the evidence is so abundant and so overwhelming as that which attests the wondrous perfume which for many years was exhaled by the mortal remains of St. Theresa herself. One might almost infer, from the curious phrase she uses describing the scent as an "odour of relics," that she habitually perceived some such fragrance in all the relics which she venerated. It is one of the difficulties in this sort of investigation to decide how much is subjective and how much objective in a phenomenon which some witnesses perceive and others do not. In the case of the espousals ring spoken of in my last article, there was at least the possibility of the concurrent testimony of the two senses of sight and touch. But for these olfactory marvels we are necessarily dependent upon one sense alone.

One saintly Carmelite nun in particular was renowned, like her mother, St. Theresa, for the wonderful perfume which for more than three years after her death proceeded from the cell which she had occupied. This was Donna Vittoria Colonna, the daughter of Don Filippo, Grand Constable of Naples, but known in religion as Mother Clare Mary of the Passion. Three medical men made depositions regarding the inexplicable perfume which they had perceived, not once, but many times, in the cell in which Mother Clare Mary had died, and the same fact was borne witness to by all the community. Moreover, in this case the marvel manifested itself occasionally during life, as, for example, when the holy nun was discoursing with great fervour on the love of God.²

¹ *The Book of the Foundations*, translated by David Lewis, ch. xxviii.

² Biagio, *Vita della V. Madre Chiara Maria*, Rome, 1681, pp. 22, 588—594. where the depositions of the medical witnesses are quoted at length.

More widely-known, however, is the case of St. Catherine de' Ricci. In the official investigations, in view of her canonization, we find some twenty or thirty of the nuns in her convent at Prato bearing witness upon oath to the strange celestial odour which was especially noticeable in the chamber of death, although some of them had also perceived a similar perfume clinging to her on certain occasions in her life-time. Some of the nuns described it as resembling the scent of *vivuoie mammole*, apparently a species of violet, though these flowers were not then in season, but most of them considered that it could not be compared to the odour of any flowers or to any artificial perfumes. It was perceptible around her tomb for more than a year, though the body had been enclosed in a leaden coffin.¹

In those cases in which a mysterious fragrance manifested itself during life, the phenomenon seems generally to have been connected with some ecstatic condition of the subject. Thus we read of St. Veronica Giuliani that the scent seemed to come from her stigmata. Father F. M. Salvatori, in the *Life of St. Veronica*, which he compiled mainly from the depositions of witnesses in the Process of Canonization, says of her:

It is worthy of remark that when the above-mentioned wounds were open, they emitted so delicious a fragrance throughout the whole of the convent that this alone was sufficient to inform the nuns whenever the stigmata had been renewed, and on several occasions the religious were convinced by ocular demonstration that they had not been deceived. When the bandages which had been applied to these mysterious wounds were put away, they communicated the same sweet perfume to everything near them. The fact is attested by her confidant, the Blessed Florida Ceoli.*

Still more remarkable in some respects is the case of Sister Giovanna Maria della Croce of Roveredo, who died in 1673. Her biographer, Weber, who seems to have had access to all the official documents and depositions of witnesses, after describing the incident of her mystic espousal to Jesus Christ, already referred to in the last of these articles, continues as follows:

From this time onwards her finger exhaled a delicious fragrance, which she was unable to hide, and which all the community soon became aware of. Consequently they sought every opportunity to touch it and kiss it. The perfume which it gave out was so powerful that it communicated itself to the touch

¹ See the *Summarium super Virtutibus*, pp. 321—329.

² Salvatori, *Life of St. Veronica Giuliani*, Eng. trans., pp. 159—160.

and persisted for a considerable time. Thus it happened that Sister Mary Ursula, having touched that finger in the holy nun's first illness, her hand for several days afterwards retained an exquisite fragrance. This scent was particularly perceptible when Giovanna Maria was ill, because she could not then take any precautions to disguise it. From her finger the perfume extended gradually to the whole hand and then to her body, and communicated itself to all the objects which she touched. It could not be compared to any earthly scent because it was essentially different, and transfused soul and body with an indescribable sweetness. It was more powerful when she came back from Communion. It exuded not only from her body but also from her clothes long after she had ceased to wear them, from her straw mattress and from the objects in her room. It spread through the whole house and betrayed her comings and her goings and her every movement. The religious who were in choir were aware of her approach from the perfume which was wafted before her before she came into view. This phenomenon, which lasted for many years, was the more remarkable because naturally she could not endure any form of scent. It was necessary to keep all such things as musk and amber out of the house altogether, because they acted upon her from a considerable distance even though they were hidden in the cellar, and produced a most distressing effect, so much so that she would even faint away on the spot. The only scent which did her no harm was that which breathed from her own person. Often new novices who joined the Order came to the convent wearing, according to the fashion of the times, scented necklaces of pearl or coral. She was so painfully affected by these objects that she could not come near the wearers, and it was found necessary to require them to lay them aside at the convent gate in order to save the Mother Abbess from the risk of a swoon or some other indisposition.¹

One of the Sisters, when giving evidence in the inquiry which preceded the process of Beatification, speaks of an occasion when the Mother Abbess, overcome when at prayer by a fit of weeping, found herself without a handkerchief. The Sister proffered hers, which the Abbess accepted gratefully and returned after wiping her eyes and cheeks. The handkerchief thus restored exhaled an inexplicable and delicious fragrance. Another characteristic of these phenomena in the case of Giovanna Maria was, as her biographer points out, that this mysterious perfume waxed and waned according to the events of the ecclesiastical year. The odour was notably more pronounced upon the feasts of our Lady and reached

¹ B. Weber, *La V. Jeanne Marie de la Croix* (French trans.), pp. 373—375.

its climax on the great festivals of our Lord, but diminished on ordinary days.

This case is a fair specimen of several others which have been recorded. Perhaps the most striking is that of St. Maria Francesca delle Cinque Piaghe, a Franciscan nun, who died at Naples in 1791. Here again we are told of the delicious fragrance which clung not only to her habit but to everything she touched. As her biographer states, after a careful study of the Process of Beatification,

There is hardly one of the numerous witnesses whose evidence is reported in the Summarium who does not speak in explicit terms of this perfume, and in order that there might be no doubt that the favour came to her from her Mother Mary and from her divine Spouse, it was regularly observed that this phenomenon manifested itself with special intensity on the great festivals of our Lady and on the Fridays in March on which she participated mysteriously in the sufferings of Christ's Passion.¹

Some of my readers will perhaps remember that St. Maria Francesca was one of the more remarkable among the stigmatized saints mentioned in a former article. In the case of the Dominican nun, Anne of Jesus, Prioress of Langeac, who died in 1634, we have another example of a wonderful perfume, attested by many witnesses, including distinguished layfolk and medical men. These manifestations were particularly remarked after death in connection with her tomb,² and they seem to have been confined to certain exceptionally favoured individuals who suddenly were conscious of a heavenly fragrance and were moved by it to ardent devotion, though to others at the same time the fragrance was not perceptible. None the less, we further learn that during her lifetime her cell was as it were embalmed with perfume which also at times exhaled from her person.³ There are a considerable number of such cases in which little detail is available except by an examination of the processes of beatification, and these are not readily come by, but a general resemblance seems to run through them all, and what has already been said will probably suffice to illustrate the kind of evidence which they offer.⁴ But one example which ought not to pass without

¹ B. Laviosa, *Vita di S. Maria Francesca delle Cinque Piaghe*, Rome, 1866, p. 86.

² Lantages, *Vie de la V. Mère Agnes de Jésus*, Vol. II, pp. 525-534.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 48 and 533.

⁴ I may mention St. Catherine de Racconigi, Maria Villani, and Mary Margaret of the Angels.

special mention is that of the Blessed Maria degli Angeli, who died at Turin in 1717. She was a lady of noble family, who became a Carmelite at the age of fifteen. The convent was especially dear to the royal house of Piedmont, and one of the Princesses of that family, in the process of beatification, made a deposition under oath to the following effect:

As a proof of the holiness of this servant of God I would appeal to the incomparable fragrance which made itself manifest in the places where she lived or through which she passed. The sweetness of this perfume resembled nothing earthly. The more one breathed it the more delicious it became. It was specially perceptible on the feasts of our Lady, of St. Joseph, of St. Teresa, during solemn novenas and at the holy seasons of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. The ladies of my suite were conscious of it as well as myself, and what astonished me more than all else was the fact that after the death of the servant of God I noticed and still continue to notice this perfume in the cell she occupied, although every object which it formerly contained has been taken out of it.

A number of witnesses, so we learn from the Life of Blessed Maria, gave evidence to the same effect in the Process of Beatification. "When we wanted Reverend Mother," said one of her nuns, "and could not find her in her cell, we tried to track her by the fragrance she had left behind." She, on her part, made every effort to conceal this continued miracle and even went so far as to carry evil-smelling objects to her cell, but it was all of no use.¹

This sort of olfactory phenomenon does not seem to be met with quite so frequently in the records of modern ascetics, but I may call attention to at least one instance of comparatively recent date. Sister Marie de Jésus Crucifié, the Carmelite nun of Pau, who died at Bethlehem in 1878, was favoured in this way. Her biographer, Père Estrate, tells us:

Since the death of the holy Sister, several Carmelites both at Bethlehem and Pau have been conscious of a delicious perfume in many places which she once frequented. This fact reminds us that the same sweet fragrance was often noticed to proceed from her when she was still living.²

The room in which she died was also inexplicably perfumed, and the odour clung to the dress of all who visited it.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Sernin-Marie, *Vie de la B. Marie des Anges*, 1865, pp. 246 sq. and P. Anselmo, *Vita*, pp. 41-42.

² Estrate, *Vie de S. Marie de Jésus Crucifié*, p. 354.

OBITER SCRIPTA, MAINLY ABOUT "SCIENTISTS"

[The following notes are contained in an old exercise-book wherein our late Editor was wont to record reflections upon the master-interest of his life, the relations between Religion and Science. Although merely the rough material of ideas, more fully developed in his writings, they are in our opinion of sufficient interest in themselves to merit separate publication. They will recall to many admirers the keen intellectual sword-play of those "Essays in Un-Natural History" which wrought such havoc amongst the pseudo-scientists of the last generation.—EDITOR.]

SCIENTIFIC men, as such, assume that they must be primary, even *the* primary authorities about everything, as at the present moment (Dec. 1902) about education. But does knowledge, even if it were exhaustive, of the facts of the material universe impart any such claim in regard of life and its conduct? Because a man knows all about the chemistry of steel or the geology of steam-coal is he presumably better qualified than others to command the Channel fleet?

2. It is not quantity or mass that can account for working efficiency, but degree. The Atlantic Ocean has in it units of heat immeasurably beyond the boiler of a steamboat, but it will not drive the engines. The little streamlet at the head of the Thames will turn mills which the full flood in its estuary cannot stir. So amongst men, one who stands up as a peak in genius or character beyond his fellows can do work for which a whole plateau on a lower level cannot account. And though the mountain may enrich the plain with fragments from itself, the plain cannot have made or affected the mountain. A man like Shakespeare, or Newton, or Newman, makes the world afterwards different from what it would have been without him, and is something which is clearly not the creation of the world that went before.

And how about such a character as that which all men recognize in our Lord?

3. Scripture difficulties are the greatest crux of believers at the present day, and yet there are doubtless many whom, though keenly alive to the intellectual force of the Higher

Criticism, its conclusion affect no more than the arguments of the Baconians as to Shakespeare. And is such a state of mind unreasonable? Is it not a fact,

- (1) That in Scripture everywhere is to be found a *cachet* that is found nowhere else as regards the relations of man with God, which alone Scripture professes to tell us of?
- (2) That the fact of the Christian Church, the most stupendous in history, which throughout has based herself on Scripture, proves Scripture to be sufficient for an end which it has actually achieved?
- (3) That the very Protestant exaggerations regarding the function of Scripture, extravagant and unreasoning as they are, testify to the unique character of writings which had been before the world and many centuries before such claims were made for them?

4. A ragged half-starved boy shambles along Oxford Street, with only half power over his ill-shapen legs. Yet for him the existence bound up in that ramshackle frame is beyond all possible comparison the most precious thing in the world. Supposing there to be no life but this, the extinction of suns and moons would be a less calamity in his regard than the ending of that squalid and sunless existence. And for others—putting aside all that is supernatural—the human nature which is in him is, scientifically, something on a higher plane, something immeasurably more elevated and sacred than all the brilliance around him, of gems and fruits and flowers, and rich fabrics, and splendid houses. Yet this *being*, of which he is a type, is for our modern philosophers a mere circumstance to be taken for granted like a counter in the game of their speculations, of no account at all in comparison with what they can make anatomy or geology or chemistry tell them about the probabilities or possibilities of the mode in which the husk in which it is lodged came to be just what they find it. That man is what he is,—this is the great fundamental fact with which we have to reckon—and beside it the trifles with which science is so busy are mere childishness.

5. The modes of argument of scientific men are very funny. Here is Prof. Oliver Lodge (*Hibbert Journal*, December, 1902) declaring that "the bent and trend" of modern science "suggests to us that the Cosmos is self explanatory, self contained, and self-maintaining." But, on the

one hand, the fundamental principle of science is to stick to phenomena which it observes, and operations which it finds actually going on: and, on the other hand, it has notoriously never found any one solitary example of any force or operation that would make the universe "self-maintaining." On the contrary, if there is one thing certain, it is that according to all laws of calculation with which science is acquainted, the operations of nature must inevitably one day come to an end. If this is not to be, it will only be because some force of which we have not only no experience, but no sort of indication, is to be turned on, from some quarter that we cannot imagine. How does the "bent and trend" of modern science lead us to anticipate this?

So again as to life. The Professor acknowledges that it has never yet been known to be developed from non-living matter. But it is a fallacy, says he, to argue that therefore some force beyond these of matter must be postulated to account for its existence. Why so?—Because science *may* one of these days find a way of breathing life into the lifeless, and "I apprehend that there is not a biologist but *believes* (perhaps quite erroneously) that sooner or later the discovery will be made, and that a cell having all the essential functions of life will be constructed out of inorganic material."

This is "Exact Thought."

6. In confirmation of the idea expressed above under No. 4,—Mr. P. N. Waggett, in his *Is there a Religion of Nature?* (S.P.C.K.) writes: (p. 53)

Are you going to ask me to give up human life *which I know*, . . . the solid, inbred, irrefutable knowledge which I have of my own soul and of my mother's soul . . . because I cannot get it to square with what appears to be the logical outcome of the doctrine of descent as sketched by Darwin?

7. As to this same—I know my own soul—*i.e.* my thinking part—far better than I know anything else, and I have known it longer. It is in fact the only thing the existence of which I know directly, for everything else I know only by it. To say that it is to cease to be, to go off in a puff of blank nothing, is for me a far more inconceivable supposition than that matter should be annihilated, which our scientific folk consider so absurd an idea. The reality of my immaterial part, which I cannot see or feel, is borne in upon me as is the reality of nothing else. And if there is any sense in thought at all, it is realities which will last.

8. Half-educated "Scientists" like C— think it a grand argument that water for instance can do nothing in Baptism because it is only H_2O . But, leaving aside the supernatural part of the question, water—the thing—is *not* H_2O , it is a new thing altogether, which is got by means of H and O under certain conditions. It might as well be said that "Ass" is only S_2A , and therefore can have no significance or potency when applied to a man.

He speaks somewhere of sending "owls to Athens" instead of coals to Newcastle.

Men of his stamp are fond of showing that they too know the Classics, however they affect to despise them.

9. "Ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes." This prophecy dates, manifestly, at least from the time when it was penned, no matter by whom. How it has been fulfilled of the person to whom it is ascribed, the favourite talk about Mariolatry sufficiently evinces.

10. We are told by our Critics that the Gospels have been evolved from a lost original, each under various streams of tendency, Pauline, Joannine, Gnostic, and so on,—the fourth of them dating from the middle of the second century. Is it not remarkable that from these heterogeneous sources should be drawn the idea of a character so absolutely harmonious in all its traits as that of our Lord is felt to be, and must by those who have set themselves most to study the Gospel narratives. It is not only that Scripture is submitted to microscopic tests the like of which were never applied to any other document, the words and actions of Christ have been pondered and ruminated by millions in a mode absolutely without a parallel. And in a thousand ways it is evidenced that the mental image produced in devout souls is a great deal more uniform than the conventional likeness made familiar in Art, and made up of touches no other original of which is anywhere discoverable.

11. When we find ourselves in perfect health and free from trouble in all our bodily parts and functions, we inevitably conclude that the climate and employment and diet we are under, are jointly and severally adapted to our physical constitution. It is the analogous satisfaction of our mental part, the absolute repose it intelligently finds in the scheme of life unfolded by Christianity, which is the ultimate practical groundwork of the assurance of faith which by observation we can determine. As Newman says (*Grammar*

of Assent) the Church's divination of our needs is proof enough that she is the supply of them.

12. Our scientific critics,—the highest and most superior, such as the "Hibbert Journalists,"—start with one fundamental assumption which is absolutely false,—namely, that which concerns the mental attitude of their Christian antagonists. They label these "Theologians," and go on to take it as a truism that every theologian must necessarily be wedded to "dogma" on some mysterious ground with which reason has nothing to do, and considers it impious to go beyond his formularies for a justification of his faith. So again with "priestcraft," which seems to be most potent in enslaving priests themselves, whom it induces to spend themselves in frenzied struggles for the attainment of an object, which to ordinary common sense is incomprehensible. But *we* know that it is not the temporal aims thus taken for granted which induce men to forsake home and kindred and live a dog's life without the privileges of a common day-labourer; whereas they might have been temporally far better off than any such triumph of the Church as our sages dream of would ever make them.—Here then is one of the few points on which we can have absolute natural certainty, and on it we find our wise men hopelessly wrong, which does not much enhance their authority.

13. In the mind of modern "Science" the structure of an intestinal parasite or the number of gills on a fungus is a fact of far higher import and significance than the history of peoples and empires, the thoughts of the greatest philosophers, or anything which has to do with the moral instincts and aspirations of mankind. All these things are of naught beside physics and chemistry and biology.—May it not be that when we rise to a higher atmosphere and see things as they are, we shall find all this scientific research of which we are so proud to have been a humiliation imposed in punishment for our iniquities,—dragging us at the tail of every flea and tadpole occupied in studying their least noble details. "Hanc occupationem *pessimam* dedit Deus filiis hominum ut occupentur in ea" (*Eccle. i. 13*).

14. The current *Pall Mall Magazine* advertises amongst the subjects treated—"Shall we live again? The Answer of Science." What would be thought if "Scientists" were to undertake to solve the question whether there will ever be another Shakespeare or another Napoleon, or painters to rival

the old masters, or architects the mediæval builders—or even what Science itself will be like a century hence?

15. The National Selection theory really comes to this, that if variation without purpose could manufacture, for instance, a wing, the creatures so provided would be better able to get their living than some of those not so provided. This is of course obvious,—the whole crux is the *if*; and this is true equally of all the minute steps by which the completed article had to be reached. As to which steps, two conditions are essential: (*a*) They must have been in the line actually leading up to the completion; (*b*) They must each and all have been advantageous to their possessors in the form in which they existed, and the circumstances of the time. But how can it be assumed that the modifications of a limb which were steps towards a future complex machine, were also necessarily the best aids *hic et nunc* in the struggle for existence? Rather would not creatures that adopted a more rudimentary and necessarily imperfect, but therefore more easily managed development—as the parachute of flying lemurs—have had an entire advantage over others that were beginning *a longe* the distant approaches which were to eventuate in the wing of a bat, but which in the gradual modification principle must have long been quite useless for any practical purpose?

16. The great unacknowledged argument against Faith is doubtless the difficulty, or impossibility, of realizing the world in which it rules. But do we ever try to realize the world with Faith totally banished therefrom. The difficulty seems a thousandfold greater to accept, [if we suppose] as we then must, that those we have loved and revered, were really no more than the rainbows or shapes in the fire we saw years ago, mere casual, and fortuitous concourses of atoms, that have long ago melted into the infinite azure of the past equally with the snowballs we made, or the gale of "that Friday" that so impressed our youthful minds.

A letter by Chesterton in the *Daily News*, March 24th, 1903, brings out strikingly the mystery of existence, *ut sic*, and the impossibility of conceding its opposite. "Nothing" has no existence, there is nothing with which the term corresponds, hence we can have no idea of it or what it implies. To say that this paper I am writing on has but a contingent and conditional existence, and might never have been, or might cease to be (*i.e.*, the ultimate atoms which compose it)

is easy enough—but to try to concede what this means is as bad as trying to conceive an antecedent eternity.

17. Even in the principles of the most materialistic naturalism, the idea, for instance, of the Virgin Mother as it has existed, and still exists, in the minds of men, is as much a fact, and therefore a product and feature of "evolution," as Darwin's *Origin of Species* or motor-cars. So too are the results it has produced, in dogma, devotion, charity, art and all the rest. How is it that this and other beliefs that are denounced as false, have so immeasurably a more beautiful progeny to exhibit than Agnosticism or Monism?

18. Science depends wholly on the uniformity of natural law. In the inorganic world we are able to say exactly how oxygen, carbon, or radium will behave in given conditions,—and if we could not do so there would be an end of scientific knowledge. So in the organic world, so long as we are dealing with brutes, their history (Natural History) is concerned with species, not with individuals. We can say exactly what kind of a nest a thrush will build, what will be the conduct of a hunted fox or hare, what sort of fly a trout will take. But human history is the opposite of all this. It is the record from age to age of changes that could not have been predicted, and largely, if not mainly, of the influence of individuals who introduced some new element into the calculation. We cannot imagine that amongst rats or elephants or Anthropoid apes there should arise the feeblest analogue of Mahomet, or Timour, or Napoleon, to say nothing of Solon or Charlemagne, yet without such new factors the making of History would be as impossible as that of Natural History with them.

19. "Sir, we *know* that our will is free, and there's an end on't."

So said Dr. Johnson. His argument is reproduced in modern scientific phraseology, by Professor J. H. Poynting, F.R.S., in the *Hibbert Journal*, July, 1903, p. 743 (Vol. I. No. iv.):

I hold that we are more certain of our power of choice and of responsibility than of any other fact, physical or psychical, unless it be indeed that we are still more certain of the power of choice and of the responsibility of someone else who does us what we regard as an intentional injury.

As to the contention that the will always and necessarily obeys the strongest motion, he adds:

In the mind we have no method of measuring motives. We can only judge, after deliberation has resulted in action, which motive was the strongest by assigning strength to that which prevailed.

20. (28, vi. 1904). The extravagances of Evolutionists undoubtedly have a tendency to make us ignore the mystery of Evolution, which is undoubtedly the ruling law of the world we know. The first stage of the material universe was "Tohu-wa-bohu"—"inanis et vacua," and only very slowly by imperceptible gradations was the crust of the earth built up to its actual condition: Organic life—animal and vegetable—started with forces almost structureless, and only here again by slow and minutest gradations were types of greater and greater complexity and perfection introduced. . . . So clearly is this the rule that, although according to the geological record new types seem constantly to have come on the scene ready made, we find it almost impossible to conceive this actually to have been the case. Each individual plant and animal starts as a structureless speck of protoplasm, imperceptibly developing to its completed form—and here it is quite impossible to conceive any stage of the development to be omitted.

But why should the Power which makes an oak-tree or a man, require to observe all these tedious preliminaries. Why should not oaks and men and the earth which sustains them have been turned out at once as they were ultimately to be? Why should the Miltonic idea of creation be now felt to be so grotesquely impossible—the lion struggling up out of the soil, his head and shoulders free, his hinder quarters still part of it?¹ No philosophical arguments can show that this could not be,—but we cannot now even imagine that anything remotely resembling this has ever occurred in the whole of Creation.

Here is a profound mystery; nor does it end here. Why should the social evolution of mankind be so conditional that to this day an immense proportion of our race are sunk—without fault of their own, even if through that of their ancestors—in barbarism and ignorance rendering them even unfit recipients of the light of truth? Why should so many

¹ now half appears

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his pointed mane :—

ethically approach so near to the brutes? Here again, evolution is the principle. What a laborious process it has been to civilize even the nations of Christendom—to say nothing of the facility with which the highest civilization can lapse into the worst vices of savagery.

When, speaking not of absolute powers, of which we have no experience,—but of the conditions by which things are actually ruled,—however these conditions were instituted, we must say that it is impossible that creation should proceed but by way of evolution

JOHN GERARD.

REQUIEM

"Reported missing . . . Since presumed dead."

I.

AT the sacred Daybreak Feast,
'Neath the panes that front the East,
Set the seal and make the end!—
Light, that cheers *their* dwelling-place
Shine upon the road *we* face,
And from wilder lights defend!

II.

Long, in dreams we've seen them come
(From some far-off living tomb,
Whitened hair on youthful brows!)
Long, we've listened for their feet,
When a tumult shook the street,
Or a hush lay on the house.

III.

Not a day but found us scope
For a portent, or a hope,
For an ecstasy of pain.
Not a night but saw us stand,
In a vision, hand in hand,
Trysting but to part again.

IV.

Now, at this their Requiem Feast,
'Neath the panes that watch the East,
Calm, we face reality;
Calm, as in a trance Divine,
Make the sad triumphal Sign—
Peace, to their dear memory!

G. M. HORT.

THE BANSHEE

IT was the last night of my stay with Father Tom Ryan. On the morrow I was to leave early and travel to far different surroundings. The romance which had draped my life for four short weeks in one of the most romantic spots in Europe was to be shed for prosaic existence in, perhaps, the most workaday and practical spot in Europe—Lancashire. But I was taking with me, in addition to the treasures of memory, some tangible records of life lived in an ampler air and on a more spiritual plane than is possible where the pulse of modern humanity has its hurried beat.

There was a party of priests assembled to speed me on my journey. And when we had gathered round the fire after supper, I made a direct bid for an addition to my records. I looked round the company, then asked bluntly, "Can any of you gentlemen furnish me with a last story?"

A murmur of polite refusal passed through the assembly. It is, I know from experience, as difficult to extract a story worth listening to as it is to draw forth a song worth hearing. I was not to be daunted, however. The evening was the last and precious. I turned and addressed directly a tall priest of athletic build, who had a keen face and iron grey hair. His name was Father Tom Dillon.

"Well, Father Dillon," I exclaimed, "we have had no contribution from you. Surely, there is some experience you can recount."

"Oh, I have had experiences," he exclaimed, "but they are hardly worth recounting." He hesitated a moment. "Still, I was reminded by your reference the other night to the People of the Sidhe and their Rathes of something which happened to me many years ago. I really thought that I had got into touch with the Gentle People, as we call the fairies. You know we are always on the trail of them in Ireland, but it is difficult to get at close quarters with them."

There was a shifting of chairs on the part of those who desired to get a better view of the speaker. I was afraid for a moment that Father Dillon would be put off, and endeavoured to bridge over the interval.

"Quite true, Father," I exclaimed. "I have been hoping myself to hear the wail of a banshee or catch a glimpse of a

dancing fairy, but—well, I'm disappointed. However, don't let me interrupt you."

Father Dillon gave me a look. He was caught and knew it. "Oh, I didn't mean——" he began.

"Go on, the story, the story," we chorused.

Father Dillon turned a helpless look on us. We hedged him in. There was no escape. He sighed and began.

"I was doing duty at the time for a cousin of mine who was parish priest in one of the wild parts of Donegal. I knew the place fairly well as I had often stayed there when a youth. I was very much interested in the stories and legends that hung round every spot. As you know, Donegal is full of romance and legendary lore. There are more Rathes to the acre in Donegal than there are to the square mile in any other county of Ireland."

There was a murmur of protest from some of the company, but Father Dillon let it pass.

"At any rate," he continued, "there is hardly a hazel or a white-thorn that isn't bewitched, and the Rathes or Fairy Mounds are everywhere. A great number of these Rathes are looked upon with awe by the people, who will not plough them, or even tread on them at certain seasons of the year. I suspect myself that they are ancient tombs—Druidical tombs. That would account for the traditional awe in which they are held."

The speaker here turned and addressed me directly. "You call them by the Latin name in England, I think?"

"Yes," I replied, "*tumuli*. There are plenty of *tumuli* on Salisbury Plain and in the New Forest. They are undoubtedly ancient tombs, Druidical, or, most probably, even earlier. Alas! no fairies dance on Salisbury Plain and Wiltshire farmers are undisturbed by reverence for the ancient dead."

"Well," continued Father Dillon, "whatever the explanation may be, these mounds are held in great reverence. To plough them was a crime. The man who disturbed or desecrated them was sure to bring upon his head the anger and vengeance of the Gentle People. There were stories of men who had done wanton trespass on them and who had been bewitched or had met with violent deaths.

"There was, however, a certain squire, not a native of the place, who had bought an estate in those parts and who had little patience with all these legends and beliefs. So

angered was he at their persistence, that he determined to break through them as far as he could. There was a romantic spot in his demesne—a beautiful copse of silver hazel and magic white-thorn, studded here and there with Fairy Mounds. It was an enchanted place, beloved of children in the day-time and older folk in the evening. At midnight it was reputed to be the dancing ground of the Fairies. Well, the squire foolishly determined to clear it all and turn it into arable land. I remember the indignation I felt at this act of vandalism, as there were plenty of more suitable parts of his estate for such a purpose. I had small regard for the historical accuracy of the fanciful legends clustering round the locality, but I loved it for its poetry and beauty, and for this reason deplored its destruction.

"The people had other reasons, however, for lamenting its desecration, and openly declared that the Gentle People would have their vengeance. A violent and speedy end was prophesied for the squire.

"Events moved quickly. I had gone myself, drawn by a morbid curiosity, to watch operations on the first day of the clearance. It is always, as you know, a harassing experience to see a tree cut down, unless it be a dead one, no matter what the necessity may be. Now, besides the hazels and white-thorns, there were graceful larches and slender silver birches which fell under the axes, sighing like—like martyred maidens. I was sentimental, perhaps, but could not endure the sight for long, and hurried home. Some people feel like that when they see trees cut down and flowers plucked; others don't bother."

Father Dillon paused and glanced at me. I nodded sympathetically.

"That same night," he resumed, "I was sitting reading in my study. It had been bitter cold all day, and with the evening a sharp frost had set in. I had stopped in my reading once or twice to enjoy the warmth and comfort of the room and to hope that I should not be disturbed by visitors or called out upon any errand. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, a sharp knock at the door startled me. I hurried to interview the visitor and found, to my surprise, the village doctor standing at the door with a young lad about fifteen years of age, who, on closer scrutiny, turned out to be the squire's son.

"'What's the matter?' I exclaimed.

"'I've come for the loan of your horse and trap,' the doctor answered. He was a very young man, I may explain, but lately settled in the village. As yet he did not possess those luxuries. To my cousin, with his widely-scattered parish, they were not luxuries but necessities.

"'I'm afraid you can't have the horse,' I said. 'He went lame a day or two ago and is no better yet.'

"'Well, the trap will do,' he returned. 'I suppose your horse is used to the shafts,' he said to the boy.

"'Oh, yes,' the lad answered; 'but he's dead beat, you know.'

"'We must rest him a bit,' said the doctor laconically. 'Go and lead him to Father Dillon's stable. That will be all right, won't it, Father?'

"'I nodded. 'Come in, doctor, and make yourself comfortable,' I said. 'I'll go and get the man to help him.'

"When I returned I found the doctor standing with his back to the fire. He plunged at once into an explanation.

"'Queer business,' he said. 'The old squire has met with an accident. The head of an axe, with which some workman was felling a tree, flew off and hit him a bad cut near the temple. They seemed to think it rather a nasty business, as his son came along for me on horseback. How he expected me to get back to his father I don't know. I can't ride a horse. Still,' he added, reflectively, 'if he had set out in a trap he would never have arrived at all.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Oh, he's had an adventure on the way. He's just been telling me. His horse refused to cross the bridge. Couldn't get him within twenty yards of it. He had to go miles out of his way and cross the river by the ford.'

"'What was the obstacle?' I inquired.

"'The lad has some cock-and-bull story about seeing a banshee and a huge black dog. The truth is he has lost his nerve. Upset by his father's accident, I suppose.'

"I sat looking into the fire, my mind turning over the events of the day. There was, first of all, the desecration of the fairy glen; then the accident to the cause of that desecration: finally, this. It was, as I have said, a common belief among the peasantry that the Gentle People (as 'gentle' a race, I thought, as were the Eumenides) were wont to wreak vengeance on those who dishonoured them and their Rathes. Could this accident to the squire be their handiwork? And

had they headed the boy off the road in order that he should be delayed and help should come too late?

"I shook the silly thoughts from me and looked up, to find the doctor staring at me.

"'What on earth is the matter with you, Father?' he exclaimed.

"'Oh, nothing,' I answered. I knew, all the same, that similar thoughts had been stirring in him. 'Perhaps I had better come with you,' I added abruptly. 'The boy ought to stay here and get some rest. He looks done up.'

"The doctor glanced at me with a queer expression. 'As you wish,' he said. He hesitated. 'But look here, Father, you needn't be anxious about me. I'm not afraid, you know. The lad, I am aware, believes there is some evil influence abroad. He is convinced that his father's accident is the work of some evil spirits, and that the same evil spirits kept him from crossing the bridge so that what aid I can give should arrive too late. Of course, it's all nonsense. He's letting his imagination get the better of him.'

"'I wasn't thinking you were afraid,' I returned. 'I simply thought that you would prefer company to being alone.'

"The doctor looked slightly ashamed for the moment. 'Really, I am very grateful to you, Father. I didn't want you to think that I was afraid of a banshee or the spectre of a black dog, that's all. But I am no hand with the reins and I shall be only too glad if you will accompany me. The boy tells me that the horse is a highly nervous and spirited beast.'

"'It's settled then,' I said.

"An hour afterwards we were on our way. Before we started I handed a pistol to the doctor. 'It's loaded,' I said. 'We may want it.' The doctor laughed, but put it into his pocket.

"The boy was very nervous about us. 'Be careful,' he implored as we were on the start. 'There was no mistaking the behaviour of the horse, and I saw myself the white figure and the black animal prowling about.'

"'Good!' cried the doctor. 'I am dying for the sight of a banshee.' I flicked the whip and the horse was off with a bound as though he had been held in leash.

"'He's right about the horse,' exclaimed my companion. 'He is spirited enough for anything. He would shy at a tree, let alone a banshee.'

"It was a glorious night. The fields were white and sparkling with hoar-frost. The road rang like iron to the horse's hoofs. A benign, mysterious moon looked down from a sky sprinkled with stars, like a fairy queen upon the fairy scene. The doctor, though a prosaic fellow, was as much moved as I was, and presently exclaimed, 'It is a night for fairies, not for leprechauns and witches and black beasts and banshees.'

"'They are all fairies,' I said. 'They differ in appearance, that's all.'

"My companion grunted, and for the next two or three miles we sped along in silence.

"The bridge over the river lay about four miles from my cousin's house. As we drew near it, my interest and expectations rose to a keener edge. Interest was, I knew, stirring in my companion also. Presently, the road mounted a rise in the landscape. As we cleared the top, we commanded a wide view of the opposite rise and the intervening valley, through which, from left to right, the river flowed black between white fields and meadows. The road ran, cream in the moonlight, fringed with dark hedgerows on both sides; straight as a stretched ribbon, it fell away from us down the gentle slope, took the river with one stride and climbed again the rise in front.

"We were half-way down the incline, and, with our advance, the opposite hill was lifting itself higher and higher. I was looking ahead well beyond the bridge, when suddenly I saw something black detach itself from the dark hedgerow.

"'Do you see that?' whispered the doctor.

"I nodded. Meantime the horse held on.

"For a moment the shape stood still. Then with a bound it flew towards us with terrific speed, straight down the middle of the road, its body showing up the blackest thing in the landscape.

"Still the horse held on. My companion clutched my arm, but I shook myself free. For a full half-minute the beast rushed towards us and we towards it. Then suddenly the horse swerved. I was expecting it. I tugged at the reins with all my strength and within thirty yards we had pulled up.

"'Jump out,' I shouted. 'Hold his head.'

"The doctor obeyed, and, when I saw he had secure hold, I followed and threw the rug over the horse's head.

"The dog had now reached the bridge. In two bounds it was across and with no slackening of pace was breasting the rise towards us.

"'Get your pistol out,' I said. 'Don't fire too soon.'

"'It's holy water we want, not a pistol,' said the doctor.

"The beast was rapidly nearing us in swift, noiseless approach. The doctor was waiting, crouching on one knee, pistol cocked. Suddenly, when within twelve yards of us, the dog swerved off the road and vanished behind the hedge.

"For the moment he was lost to us. We both stood intent, alert, watchful; nervous, in fact, and inclined to trembling. We waited thus for a space, fearing he might be sidling towards us on the other side of the hedge. No stir or sound, however, betrayed itself. Had I not been with a companion I could have imagined the whole thing to have been an illusion.

"After several minutes' tension, I decided that the only thing to do was to tether the horse and reconnoitre. We slowly backed him some distance and hobbled him by the simple method of tethering his head down to his fetlock. It is cruel but effective in emergency. We then cautiously advanced again.

"We had gone twenty or thirty yards. The stillness around was uncanny. It seemed charged with expectation of something dreadful about to happen. Suddenly a piteous yaup, more like the cry of a stricken child than the whine of an animal, smote the silence from near the bridge.

"We halted. 'What can it all mean?' said the doctor.

"'I'm not sure he really wants to attack us,' I replied. 'Anyway, we must track him and see. We cannot take any risks.'

"We made our way warily, for the road was narrow and the beast could easily have sprung on us from out of the hedge. We were nearing the bridge and the doctor was holding the pistol on aim. 'He may leap,' I said. 'Keep steady'; then, 'Shoot!' I cried.

"But it was too late. He had the doctor by the throat."

The speaker paused and cast a look round the circle of faces. He seemed to gather confidence from their expressions, and continued.

"The pistol fell in the struggle and lay on the ground gleaming in the moonlight. I picked it up and buried it swiftly into the brute's body and fired. With a howl that again, after the crack of the pistol, tore the silence for miles around, he fell heavily to earth and dragged himself away

from us. I fired again, but before I could get in a third shot, he had crawled under the hedge.

"We can leave him," I said. "He won't bother us much again."

"Luckily, the doctor was not so much hurt as shaken. His stiff, starched collar was torn to bits, but it had saved the teeth from breaking into the flesh. We made our way back to the trap and were untethering the horse when the doctor spoke. 'The lad was right,' he said. 'There is some evil abroad, and there seems no reason why there shouldn't be another brute—or fifty more, for that matter, stalking us.'

"There won't be another," I said.

"I dunno," he continued. "And we haven't seen the banshee either—not as yet," he added.

"I thought you wanted to see a banshee," I replied. "You won't see a banshee, however. You may see something worse."

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Death itself," I answered. "Come along."

"We mounted the trap. The horse was somewhat restive, but he made good pace towards the bridge. We had approached to within a short distance of it, when that fatal swerve occurred again, and the horse stopped almost dead. He was trembling and bathed in sweat, and the foam was thick on his mouth. I saw that it would be necessary to lead him across.

"But it was more than we could do. No amount of coaxing could get him forward an inch. His eyes were fixed, terror-struck, on the corner of the hedge near the bridge, and presently he began rearing and backing.

"We can't go on," the doctor said nervously and irritably. "I suppose he sees the banshee."

"The horse was so restive that I thought it prudent to turn him and lead him back some distance. This we did and tethered him as before.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor when we had finished.

"Investigate," I replied. "There's something wrong. Foul play of some kind, or perhaps some tragedy."

"Again we made our way to the bridge. As we drew near it I said to the doctor, 'Keep your eyes on the corner of the hedge; they are keener than mine. Tell me if you see anything.'

"The doctor stared at the spot as we advanced. Sud-

denly he stopped and gripped my arm. 'Look,' he whispered, 'do you see it?'

"He pointed with a shaking finger. I gazed in the direction but saw nothing.

"See what?' I asked.

"It's the banshee! Oh—h.' He covered his face with his hand. 'Come back, come back'; he was dragging at my arm.

"What's it like?' I asked in an excited whisper.

"It's a woman—sitting upright. She's old—old as a witch. She has white hair and a white gown. Come back,' he moaned.

"I must confess a certain feeling of awe rose within me. I thought rapidly. We couldn't go back. We should be for ever disgraced. We must see it through.

"No, doctor,' I said, 'we can't go back like frightened children. It can't be a banshee. The idea is ridiculous. It's your imagination. I can't see anything.'

"We argued for some time and at length I worked upon his fear of being thought childish and persuaded him to come forward.

"We shall be all right,' I said. 'If it is an evil spirit we are armed.' I took out my crucifix. 'But it is not an evil spirit, I am sure.'

"We walked forward with eyes intent on the haunted spot. Suddenly, 'It's there again,' he whispered.

"Wait here,' I said. I walked forward, wondering if I should see anything; knowing I should, and thinking I never would till I was on top of it.

"On the sudden I saw it. It grew out of nothingness on the dark background of the hedge. The shape was that of an old, old woman with white hair and a white gown. This was not what I had expected. I had thought that, if anything, it would be a man or a young woman, with evidence of foul play.

"I drew nearer. The figure sat rigid, motionless as a statue. Then it moved. My heart stood. But no! it was only the branches stirring about it. I approached a yard or two closer. I could dimly see, in the faint moonlight that filtered into the dark of the hedge, the sharp, wizened features, the horribly wrinkled, scoriated skin, the sunken mouth, the staring eyes.

"I stopped. Was I dreaming or was I really looking on

some frightful ghost? Then, with a murmured prayer, for I must confess I had a cold feeling at my heart, I drew close up to the figure. To convince myself it was all hallucination, I put out my hand slowly to touch the features, expecting to feel only air. My fingers reached and stroked—a face. I drew back my hand with a cry.

"What I had touched was cold as death."

The speaker ceased, and a silence charged with tension fell upon us. Then one of the listeners shifted his position, and the creak of his chair broke the spell. Father Dillon looked round nervously and continued his story.

"I went back for the doctor and together we knelt down on the frozen road and said a prayer to speed her soul. Then we carried her reverently into the frozen ditch and covered her face with her white apron."

Again the speaker halted for a moment, then rousing himself, continued. "We returned and untethered the horse. We knew now there would be no obstacle to our advance and were not surprised when the horse galloped spiritedly over the bridge a few minutes later. The cause of his terror had been removed. There was no further incident on the journey, and in a short time we had reached the squire's."

Father Dillon stopped abruptly and looked at me.

"And how did you find the squire?" I asked.

"Oh, he wasn't very bad. His household had the terrors on them through the accident happening on the very day that he had begun cutting down the trees in the glen. The doctor tended his hurt and he was about again in a few days. All the same, he stopped his operations on the Fairy Rath and re-planted the white-thorns and hazels and other trees he had cut down. So his accident had a happy effect after all."

"Was he moved by his accident or his son's story and yours?"

"Perhaps by all three," answered Father Dillon. "Or perhaps," he added with a smile, "by an influx of common sense."

"And who was the poor creature you found dead on the road?" I continued.

"She was a poor old woman who was well known in those parts, I found out afterwards, though neither the doctor nor I had seen her before. She was a great wanderer who used to do odd work at dairies and was given to travelling about

from farm to farm. The theory is that she had sat down to rest, leaning against the hedge, and that she had fallen asleep and been frozen to death. Nothing seems more likely, and there is no other explanation. It was a bitter night."

"And the dog?" I ventured.

"I was just going to mention the dog," continued Father Dillon. "It seems he had taken a great fancy to her. She had come across him one day straying and badly lamed, and had tended his hurt. After that he followed her and used to wander about with her. The two of them were well-known figures in Donegal. The dog was obviously guarding the corpse. Perhaps, too, he had been driven mad for the time being through terror at the strange manner of her death. The people, with a fine sentiment, buried him as near to her as they could—just outside the cemetery walls."

The talk fell on to a general discussion of the ways of old beggar-women in Ireland, and I seized the opportunity of going over to Father Dillon and thanking him for his story. "I am afraid I shall find Manchester very dull to-morrow," I said.

FRANCIS GONNE.

THE LODE STAR

UPLIFTED in His Mother's arms for all to see:

The shepherds and the kings,
'Mid whisp'ring angel-wings,
Draw near with wonderings
And bow before that silent Infancy.

Uplifted on the Cross of Shame for all to see:

And still from age to age
The simple and the sage
Accept the proffered gage
And wrestle, helpless, with Love's Mastery.

Uplifted in the Monstrance still for all to see,

As once on Calvary's hill;
And countless lovers still
The prophecy fulfil:
"I, lifted up, will draw all men to Me."

JUDITH CARRINGTON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE PLAGUE OF HISTORICAL FALSEHOOD.

ALTHOUGH it is true that a certain amount of sympathy is necessary for complete understanding because of the interaction between will and thought, it is also true that excessive or ill-judged sympathy is apt to impair the judgment. Therefore the historian, if he is to write true history, needs to watch over his feelings, guarding especially against the promptings of religious, political and racial bias. Few indeed of the tribe manage to hit upon the mean between the partizanship of a champion and the cataloguing of a chronicler. The great English historians, for instance, may almost always be classed according to their politics, the one definite exception being the only Catholic amongst them, Dr. John Lingard. He, at any rate, had that true view of the character and effects of the Reformation which is necessarily out of the reach of all who deny the divinity of the Catholic Church. We may be thankful that the divergence of view amongst non-Catholics, due to their differing politics and ideals, has the effect of preventing untrue statements and unsound inferences from passing unchallenged. No one reads Macaulay without allowing for his Whig bias, so constantly has it been pointed out. Even in his own lifetime J. A. Froude's complete inability to state the truth when it conflicted with his presuppositions was generally recognized, owing to the attacks of Freeman. And lately something of the same fate threatens to befall a far more honest historian, S. R. Gardiner, whose Cromwellian prejudices have apparently led him to ignore or misrepresent events which reflect upon his hero's character. Professor Usher, in the States, and a certain "Historian," writing in the *Times Literary Supplement*,¹ have greatly weakened his credit by showing, by several instances claimed to be typical, that his statements are often not borne out by his references—a process which long ago proved fatal to Froude, and latterly has been used with deadly effect by Mr. H. Belloc on the historical repulse of Gibbon. Although defenders of Gardiner in the controversy have managed to rebut some of

¹ The correspondence, pro and con, began Sept. 25, 1919, and closed Dec. 18.

the charges against him, still enough remains unanswered to deprive him of the character of a standard authority in the period he is supposed to have made his own. Two of these charges may be briefly noticed. Gardiner dismisses as apochryphal, on the grounds that the first mention of it, in a printed document, occurs more than a century later, the massacre of some hundreds of women at the market-cross of Wexford by Cromwell's orders in 1649. "Historian" points out that an account of the massacre by a contemporary pen was printed in 1663, fourteen years after its occurrence; moreover, he further states that the tale in various forms and from different sources was reprinted fourteen times before what, according to Gardiner, was its "first" appearance.

The fate of the Scots prisoners after Worcester, the other grave instance raised by "Historian" of Gardiner's inaccuracy, was discussed very fully in our own pages nearly four years ago¹ by Mr. J. B. Williams, one of the first living authorities on those valuable *pièces historiques*, the various news-letters which preceded the regular press. He proves clearly that Gardiner's attempt to acquit the Parliament of barbarous cruelty towards these hapless men is disingenuous and unsuccessful.

These are striking samples of how political bias is allowed to distort the truth, even in the pages of an historian of the highest repute. That they should be thus publicly exposed is some indication that the process of re-writing English history is being vigorously pursued. But only the exertions of Catholics can secure that their Church and its doctrines cease to be travestied. There is need of exertion, for the flood of misrepresentation, fed by the reservoirs of falsehood accumulated in the past, shows little signs of abating. We are glad to note that several recent writers who have accused the Society of Jesus of teaching that the end justifies the means have been brought to book and have honestly retracted their calumnious statement. The latest instance has not been mentioned in the press. Readers of a new and remarkable history of the French Revolution by Mrs. Nesta H. Webster will have perceived a repetition of that old calumny in her pages. It was pointed out by *The Universe* and brought to Mrs. Webster's notice, who at once and at some expense procured its deletion from her second edition, then in the press.

The utterance by honourable people of such libels on

¹ See "The Fate of the Scots after the Battle of Worcester," in *THE MONTH* April, 1916.

Catholicity as these, shows how thoroughly our histories and, indeed, all our literature is permeated by misrepresentations of our faith. We cannot re-write the classics, but history is a living subject, and herein, as a valued contributor points out in our present issue, there is immediate need of a great Catholic battle for the truth. It is bad enough that our Protestant neighbours should continue to take their history from poisoned sources, but that our own school-children should perforce drink therefrom is little short of scandalous.

Perhaps the Catholic Head-masters' Conference, representing those who are most immediately responsible, will undertake the supply of this great need.

J. K.

A NON-TEACHING CHURCH.

IN the *Church Times* for December 19th is published an "important correspondence between the Bishop of Zanzibar and the Archbishop of Canterbury." The Bishop of Zanzibar is anxious to use the opportunity of the next Lambeth Conference, which is to meet in 1920, to bring forward the question of the propriety, or even the validity, of the appointment of Dr. Hensley Henson to the See of Hereford, and accordingly he writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking him to provide for this in his arrangement of the *agenda* for the coming Conference. The Archbishop replies that the suggestion would be unsuitable and impracticable, unsuitable because the Pan-Anglican Conference is not a Synod equipped with any legislative power, nor on the other hand, a Congress in which all who wish are qualified to take part, but merely a voluntary gathering of Bishops of the Anglican communion who meet together to exchange ideas on subjects which concern their common action; impracticable, because it would involve upsetting the entire programme of the Conference, since if the Bishop of Zanzibar was allowed to introduce such a subject it would be impossible to prevent the other Bishops from expressing their views about it, and to raise a big controversy without any chance of arriving at any sort of agreement. Not wishing to shut off the Bishop of Zanzibar from all possibility of availing himself of the opportunity of the Conference for the purpose of his protest, the Archbishop in this correspondence suggests that he should

print and distribute its text privately among the Bishops who are to attend it.

It seems to us as onlookers that the Archbishop's ruling is thoroughly justified, for it is quite true that the Conference has no powers to take an authoritative action, and it is not likely that it would wish to do so in regard either to this one issue of the consecration of Dr. Hensley Henson or to the others of less moment, on which Bishop Weston was anxious to raise a discussion at the Conference. Hence all that would have resulted if the protest had been allowed to be made, would have been a discussion in which many of the Bishops of the Conference would have joined, but only to express views which would have been very discordant among themselves, and would therefore have ended in leaving the position as it is at present. For consider what the present position is. The Chapter of Hereford made no difficulty in electing the nominee of the Crown: the Archbishop saw no serious difficulty in consecrating him, and was satisfied that he was sufficiently orthodox, though he himself formally declared that he accepted the words of the Creeds as only in the sense that they were true poetically, but not literally: also that many Bishops and others had written to Dr. Henson to say that they were quite with him in his attitude towards the Anglican faith, whilst, though some, like Bishop Gore and the English Church Union, had protested against his appointment, and had even gone so far as to say that if the consecration took place they might have to reconsider their attitude towards the Anglican Church, they had in fact accepted it and gone on as before. Even the Bishop of Zanzibar himself had confessed in one of his letters that he did not think this appointment had injured the Anglican Church more than the conduct of Popes Liberius and Honorius had injured the Roman Church, though he does not seem to be sufficiently intimate with these episodes of Roman ecclesiastical history to know precisely what these two Popes did or did not do; an ignorance which, we may add, pervades the anti-Papal sections of his booklet, *The Christ and His Critics*. Surely, in view of all these facts, the Archbishop is right in thinking that there is no need for a protest such as he was asked to allow. What has happened after all is only what is wont from time to time to happen in the Anglican Church, and what invariably ends, after a short season of excited talk, in the members of the Church, of whatever party,

settling down in the acceptance of the inevitable. And after all, if the Bishop of Zanzibar does think that the status of his Church has been seriously affected by what has happened, he should prepare himself for taking some step much more important than adding another vain protest to the innumerable similar vain protests which the Anglican clergy have first made and then run away from, and follow the example of his fellow-prelate, Dr. Kinsman.

S. F. S.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Failure of 1919.

It is mournful to think that the year 1920 begins with gloomier prospects for the civilized world than did 1919. We wrote at this time twelve months ago—"the year which is just opening will determine whether the world, shaken to the depths by the four-years' war which was the natural result of its practical apostasy from God, will arise and return to its Father, or settle down again to its self-imposed exile and its husks of swine. Will national selfishness continue to obstruct the claims of justice and the welfare of humanity? Will Mammon still foment domestic discord and a ruthless individualism lose its soul in seeking to preserve it?" We have now to admit that the forebodings thus suggested were justified. At home there is war to the knife between Labour and Capital, a suicidal conflict which can never end till both sides learn and pursue the true object of existence. And abroad the Peace Conference has been conducted in the spirit of the old diplomacy and has taken little account of wider human interests: its preoccupation with penalties and reparation has prevented it realizing that the lesser good should give way to the greater: it has laid, we do not say technically unjust, but impossible burdens upon the defeated, and incidentally has had to prolong the atmosphere of the state of war in order to exact them. It is not labouring in any constructive spirit to *make* peace by removing injustice everywhere, but rather to *keep* by force the peace attained by force. By its ruthless interference with the political and economic conditions of Central Europe, notably its forbidding the Austrian Germans from federating with their kindred, and by the continued blocking of the free flow of trade,¹ it has created such chaos and destitution that the whole world has now to be appealed to in the inter-

¹ See a very remarkable book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, by J. Maynard Keynes, the Cambridge economist who represented the Treasury at the Peace Conference.

ests of common humanity to save millions of people from the consequences of that policy, death by starvation. Just as American philanthropy, when the States were neutral, undertook the burden of keeping "occupied" Belgium alive, so the world at large must now combine to save Central Europe, friends as well as foes, from the consequence of the bungling and procrastination at Paris. Hitherto America has taken the greater share of this relief work, under that admirable organizer, Mr. Hoover: our co-operation has been limited, as Sir William Goode points out,¹ by our almost empty purse. It is one thing to reduce your enemy to impotence by destroying his political and economic life: you can have a peace of that sort until hunger provokes revolution: the creation of the other sort of peace, peace founded on justice and the recognition of national rights, seems beyond the powers of the Paris Conference. And the League of Nations, which we fondly hoped would be used to remedy the defects of the Peace Treaties, is itself in need of cure, and the most competent physician threatens to refuse to help.

**America
and
Peace.**

We are learning very slowly because of our unwillingness to believe it, that Mr. Wilson, who this time last year made a triumphal progress through allied Europe, arousing enthusiasm wherever he went by his zeal for the welfare of humanity and the universal reign of justice, did not speak for all the people he was supposed to represent. Not that Americans are more backward than others in appreciation of those great causes; they resented, that is, the majority politically opposed to the President, that he should formulate and further his policies without securing the formal support of all those concerned and thus commit them, over their heads, to far-reaching schemes which, however admirable in themselves, had not been arrived at in accordance with the principles of democracy. For in the November elections of 1918 the President had appealed to the country for an endorsement of his plans, and by the return of an adverse majority in the House of Representatives the country had turned his appeal down. Thus in both Houses the supporters of Mr. Wilson were in a minority. The American constitution in such cases permits the continuance in office of the President, but what Europe did not realize, partly because of Mr. Wilson's optimism and partly because of imperfect press-service, was that his visit itself and his action during the Peace Conference actually committed his nation to nothing. As his plans became more detailed, but especially when, through his influence, the elaborate League of Nations scheme became an integral part of the Treaty, his autocratic action, constitutional though it was, became the

¹ See his speech on the "Plight of Central Europe," *The Times*, Dec. 6, 1919.

more bitterly resented, and on his return he had to enter upon a stern fight to induce the nation to sanction what he had done. Whether, had his health stood the strain, he would have roused the country to accept the peace as he had stirred it up to war, we have no means of knowing. What is obvious is that, as things are, his opponents have triumphed. America will not endorse the Treaty of Versailles as it stands; she will not join with England in guaranteeing France against German aggression; she will not take the world-wide view voiced by her President but will continue to think in hemispheres; she does not consider the League of Nations a genuine association of free peoples, bent only on securing peace and justice for the world, but an armed alliance of the conquerors framed to protect national interests.

**The Root
of
America's Distrust.**

All thinking people are bound to explore the causes of this extraordinary state of things, for all are concerned in its results. Why do the bulk of the Americans distrust the European Allies, or, to put it more definitely, distrust England? That such lack of confidence is very widespread admits of no doubt: there is evidence at hand from all sides to that effect, which finds concrete expression in the action of the Senate and in the reports of various correspondents. Again and again, the Washington letter to *The Times* has proclaimed it and hinted not obscurely at its cause. But what the ordinary press has not liked to admit openly has been proclaimed in an outspoken article in the *Universe* (Dec. 12th) by Mr. Shane Leslie. His revelation is a startling corroboration of what General Smuts declared in his farewell message last June, viz., "that the most pressing of all constitutional questions in the Empire is the Irish question. It has become a chronic wound, the septic effects of which are spreading to our whole system; and *through its influence on America it is now beginning to poison our most vital foreign relations.*" Mr. Leslie, speaking from prolonged personal observation, and of course without any American party-bias, proclaims that, in the long-drawn fight between the President and the Senate, "Ireland is the issue." The Irish question was not discussed at the Peace Conference, the germs of its settlement did not appear in the Peace Treaty, the very discussion of it seemed to be precluded by the League of Nations Covenant, and so the American nation, two-thirds of which, be it remembered, are now of non-English descent, repudiates its President's action, although thus prolonging the European unrest which is slowly sapping what remains of European civilization. We foreshadowed this result last June,¹ and, again in August,² we called attention to the supreme urgency of the Irish problem, which was

¹ THE MONTH, June, p. 463.

² *Ibid.*, August, p. 169.

in fact admitted and proclaimed in the Coalition Election Manifesto of December 1918. But statesmanship is bankrupt when Ireland is concerned, because statesmen have not the courage either to deny Ireland's claim to be a distinct national entity or to admit what logically follows from its acceptance.¹

**Wanted : a
Defence of the
English Position.**

So long as the case for England is allowed to go by default and none of her statesmen has the wisdom or the ability, or perhaps the leisure, to demonstrate conclusively that the principles underlying the Allies' support of resurgent nationalities in various parts of Europe have no applicability to the case of Ireland, we cannot be surprised that American opinion, puzzled and mistrustful, does not take the many declarations in favour of democratic freedom at their face value. President Wilson, whatever his actual policy, did actually state a cardinal American principle when he said :² "What we seek is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." That object of pursuit has clearly not been attained in Ireland. That country is obviously ruled, as its Hierarchy recently declared,³ by constraint and not by consent, and no serious attempt is being made to substitute the democratic for the imperialistic principle. To satisfy the new mentality born of the war, and, indeed, to satisfy the age-long principles of all just government, it must be shown that this rule of a people by external force is for that people's real good. The old title of right gained and maintained by conquest is now recognized, outside the columns of *The Morning Post*, as a relic of barbarism. The plea of greater security as justifying the domination of one civilized people over another, we ourselves should be the first to denounce, if a victorious Germany had used it to make good its retention of Belgium. What is called the Ulster difficulty mainly arises, as Sir Edward Carson confesses, from religion ; that is, is due to what Catholics must regard as a groundless and irrational fear of Catholic persecution. It will be seen that the justification we have postulated is a task demanding from the pleader in an uncommon degree the qualities of sincerity, fairness, constitutional knowledge and historical accuracy, and yet, until it is attempted with success, America will remain suspicious and estranged, the cause of justice for which so much has been sacrificed will be grievously injured, and the civilized world will be deprived of the blessings of a stable peace.

¹ Since this was printed, the Premier has given the outlines of a new Home Rule Bill, another compromise to discuss which would here be out of place.

² July 4, 1918.

³ Mayoath Resolutions, June 24, 1919.

**Support
the League of
Nations.**

Because the "League of Nations Covenant" in its present form has not won the support of America, that is no reason why those who believe in the substitution of law for force, and of arbitration for the organized savagery of war should remit their efforts to make their views prevail. On the contrary, there is need for even greater exertion, because the discredit into which this particular project has fallen has stimulated the opponents of the idea into fresh activity. The militarists are again at work, and sentiments, the expression of which decency forbade when the memory of that awful carnage was still vivid, are now being publicly flaunted unrebuked. "I do not believe in the League of Nations," lately cried a prominent general, not called Bernhardt, "I believe in war."¹ "I entirely agree with the sentiment expressed by the Lord Mayor that we have not seen the last of wars. Those who think we have done with war are making a great mistake."² And the professionals, as is their business, are already lecturing on and planning for "the next war," treating "Leagues of Nations" with silent contempt. All this reactionary propaganda will inevitably if insensibly affect public opinion, unless counteracted by a vigorous educative propaganda on the other side. War would cease if in public opinion it became discredited as a means of settling international disputes. And it will become discredited if public opinion is taught its futility as the arbiter of justice: all that the result of war can show is that the victorious side is stronger, not that it is more in the right, than the conquered. And the bankruptcy which threatens the Allies, to say nothing of greater and more irremediable losses already incurred, is standing evidence that victory may be almost as disastrous as defeat. Consequently all sane Christian people should band themselves together to promote the cause of international arbitration, and to spread that regard for public right as a principle which, in President Wilson's words, should henceforth "take precedence over the individual interests of particular States." Catholics should need no further urging in this matter. The Holy Father projected a League of Nations before it was taken up by statesmen. His Eminence the Cardinal is one of the Vice-Presidents of the "League of Nations Union" and the Archbishop of Liverpool in his Advent Pastoral,³ after stating how in August, 1917, the Pope had urged upon the nations the necessity of some device whereby the world might be secured

¹ Quoted as the utterance of Major-General Feilding at the annual dinner of the Licensed Victuallers Association presided over by the Prince of Wales: we have not, however, verified the quotation.

² General Lord Horne at the dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Dec. 10, where, again, the Prince was chairman.

³ See *The Universe*, Dec. 12, 1919, p. 13.

from another devastating war, and showing that the Holy Father was thus only expressing the traditional spirit and teaching of the Church, goes on to declare authoritatively that "Catholics as directed by the Supreme Pontiff cannot hold aloof from this movement." His Grace would doubtless counsel us here in England, by way of giving practical effect to his exhortation, to become members of the League of Nations Union,¹ which is an Association founded to promote justice and sanity in international dealings. Its monthly bulletin, *The League*, and its admirable quarterly, *The Covenant*, are of great service in educating and directing public opinion on this most important of questions.

**The Growth
of
Armaments.**

Not merely the lectures and speeches of professional soldiers, which, if not constantly counteracted, will tend to lead back the public mind into the old pre-war grooves, but the much more ominous language spoken by the figures of the armament estimates show the need of active combination on the part of all who are convinced that war is not an inevitable evil and that the "next war" will, in prospect, prevent the world from recovering from the last, and, in fact, will destroy civilization altogether. In August, 1917, the Holy Father said that once in international relations people agree to substitute for the national force of arms the moral force of right, then "there will result a just agreement on the part of all nations for a simultaneous and reciprocal disarmament." There has been, indeed, no lack of verbal agreement with this proposition amongst Allied statesmen, but alas! their acts uniformly belie their words.² One had hoped that with the utter destruction of the German fleet and the reduction of the German army to a police force, the necessity for colossal armaments would immediately disappear. Yet, what *The Times* said of the first draft of the Service estimates whereby they were reduced "to a peace footing," is still more true of the revised version. The army estimates have risen by £118,000,000, and now stand at £405,000,000: the naval estimates total £157,500,000, 8 millions in excess of original draft, and the Air Force claims £54,000,000, a reduction of £12,500,000. Thus in the second year of peace, with no enemy to face, the country has to provide £616,500,000 for its defence, whereas in the last pre-war armed-camp year, whilst the German menace still existed, the figure stood at £80,300,000. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has assured us that there is no need to increase still further the exceedingly heavy rates of taxation imposed for the purposes of war.

¹ Headquarters, 22, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W. 1. Membership: minimum annual subscription, 1s. Write for further particulars.

² No nation has yet forbidden the association of private interests with the manufacture of armaments, a necessary preliminary to its regulation.

But those exceedingly heavy rates produce only £600,000,000, whereas to meet all its obligations the country has to raise £1,600,000,000 annually. Ministers have a right to plead that much of the Service expenditure is abnormal, and that the depreciation of money does much to swell the totals, but expenditure after all is dictated by policy, and there is little sign that policy is being framed with any consideration for our financial capabilities. One would have thought that the Allies would have rushed at once to the League of Nations as the one means of shaking off from their shoulders the ruinous burden of armaments, and that at any rate they would have agreed amongst themselves, since for generations no one else need be considered, to the immense economies attainable by pooling their resources. Leaving out of consideration the armies, as still engaged in the after-math of war, can anyone say why the Allies should go on increasing their navies? Against whom are they arming unless against each other?

**A Naval
Truce.**

We are not wont to look for light and leading to the editor of *John Bull*, whose outlook is ordinarily deeply tinged with Jingoism. But we confess we see no flaw in his recent plea for a five years' naval truce between the Allies,¹ based though it be on purely utilitarian motives. England, America, Italy, France, and Japan are supposed to be Allied nations, guiltless of any designs upon one another, welded together by the memory of past services and by the more tangible bond of common interests in peace. Why should they not agree amongst themselves to drop all new construction altogether for five or more years? No one would suffer, everyone would gain, and at long last something of the new spirit of brotherhood and co-operation, to foster which the war was waged, would appear in the overt acts of the Allies. As for the lower motives on which Mr. Bottomley argues, he points out that naval experts are agreed that this is a period of transition: it may well be that new inventions will render vessels now being planned obsolete or useless before completion. When Mr. Churchill before the war proposed a year's naval truce to Germany, he was met by a growl of menace and distrust: the spirit of Prussianism believes only in force. But we are not dealing now with potential enemies but declared friends. Even America can employ her wealth better than insuring heavily against non-existent risks. Let us quote once more the words of the man who at present has most to say in the matter, the English Premier, when speaking of the desperate need for national economy.²

¹ *Sunday Pictorial*, Dec. 14.

² In *The Future*, Sept. 1919.

There is one thing that matters in economy [he said] and it is this, that the great nations that promoted the League of Nations should show their confidence in it and trust it. *If those who promoted it increase their armaments, it is a sham.* [And yet £25,647,000 in the naval estimates is for *new* construction!] It will be a scrap of paper. Those who believe in it most must trust it most, and the rest will follow. That is the fundamental first condition of real economy in armaments in the world. Britain is ready. Let all other nations do likewise.

A telling and effective adjuration, if only Britain were not doing the reverse!

Theories
of
Empire.

One cannot fairly come to a definite judgment regarding the shocking massacre of Indian natives at Amritsar last April until the Government Commission on the question has published

its report with the relative evidence. It may be that the danger of a widespread uprising and general massacre of Europeans will be shown to have been really imminent. But on the surface the admissions of General Dyer, the officer responsible for the carnage, breathe the worst spirit of Prussian "frightfulness," and the public mind of this country is genuinely troubled at this aspect of the character of imperial rule. Unless satisfactorily explained, it will go to confirm the impression, already too prevalent, that all Governments are alike in setting self-interest above considerations of justice and humanity. And the revelation may have another ill-effect at this particular moment, when a real and decided step in the constitutional growth of India has been made by the passing by the Commons on December 5th of the Government of India Bill. This occasion was made memorable by the open disavowal by the Secretary for India of the old Imperialistic doctrine that dependencies exist for the benefit of the country that rules them. Mr. Montague declared that British rule in India was merely the discharge of a mandate or trusteeship, and drew its ultimate justification from the fact that it was helping the peoples of India to govern themselves. We trust that Amritsar will not dim the significance of this declaration. Not India alone but the reputation of this country will benefit by so clear a repudiation of the theory of conquest and ownership.

The prolonged tour of the Prince of Wales in Canada has incidentally given prominence to the same idea. What struck him most, as he explained at the Mansion House on December 18th, was that the old idea of Empire must be given up. The Dominions were now separate States, united with England on terms of equality by the golden link of the Crown and forming,

he was careful to point out, not exactly an Empire but "what is often more appropriately called the British Commonwealth." That is a frank recognition of the facts of the case, which have been brought about not by conscious design but by the slow evolution of democratic principles. Yet, like all living growths, it has its inconsistencies. The opponents of the Peace Covenant in America are asking why, since the British Commonwealth claims to be one entity united in interest and purpose, it should resolve itself into six when there is a question of voting.

**Truce between
Labour
and Capital.**

The present stage of the conflict between workers and employers, which is such a portent of our times, may be styled an uneasy truce with little prospect yet of a final peace. However, it is all to the good that the Trades Union Congress of December 9th put aside the policy of "direct action" and resolved to pursue its ends in more constitutional fashion by an educative campaign amongst the voters in favour of the nationalization of the coal industry. Education is certainly needed, since the policy of nationalization is at present thoroughly vague both in its details and in its probable effects. Two things at any rate are clear. The first is that unless Government becomes really democratic, instead of being as it is an oligarchy of the financially powerful, Labour stands little chance of bettering its condition by making the State its employer. Some of the leaders are conscious of this, and explain that the workers must retain control over the conditions of their industry, without showing very clearly how this is to be reconciled with State ownership and control. The second point is that to turn the State into a trading concern is a very risky thing to do. The effect of calling in "business men" to administer the State during the war has been to hand the Government over to Mammon. For the business men were necessarily great "captains of industry" who had proved their capacity by the successful management of large concerns, and such men are apt to be swayed in their policy by considerations of trade. The true function of the State, to maintain justice between its citizens, with as little interference with liberty as possible, and to secure justice for its nationals abroad without being arrogant or provocative, is in great danger of being lost sight of. State control of industry is necessary, for the spirit of Mammon unchecked by law issues in cruel injustice, but that the State itself should cloud its judgment and clog its activities by embarking on tasks for which it was not constituted—this seems to us a dangerous precedent. The demand for nationalization, so far as it is not a mere parrot-cry, springs from an economic philosophy that holds it to be unlawful to make private profit out of the necessities of life—food, clothing, shelter, fuel,

transport—and that the practice *necessarily* results in hardship and injustice, either to the worker or the consumer or both. That philosophy in substance we hold to be false, and the general substitution, for private enterprise adequately controlled, of State enterprise incapable of being controlled at all, to be not merely a leap in the dark but a leap into the abyss.

**How to save
the
Capitalist System.**

Adequately controlled. The whole justification of the present system is that it can be adequately controlled. Hence the indignant protests from groups of capitalists against any limitation of profits are unreasonable, and from their own point of view singularly ill-advised. Before the Reformation deprived the Church of any effective influence in its councils, the State was active in putting down profiteering. The famous Statute of Labourers in 1349 contained a provision that food should be sold "at a reasonable price" and that sellers should be content "with a moderate gain." Acts against "forestalling" and "regrating"—crimes of which the law has ceased (since 1844) to take cognizance—were frequently passed, showing that the public authority had some understanding of the "just price" established by the moralists. Now, under the Profiteering Act some attempt has been made to restore this conception, but, unless enforced by the public conscience, unless, in other words, the profiteer on however large a scale comes to be looked upon socially as a thief, there is little chance of its being really effective. And so, the law must make much more vigorous efforts if capitalism is to be reformed—and saved. Not private profit is unlawful, but *excessive* private profit, profit which bears no fair proportion to the service rendered or the risk run by the owner. We gladly welcome a declaration, summarized in the *Universe* for December 19 (pp. 2, 3), of the Catholic Merchants' Guild of Germany—an assembly, that is, not of wage-earners but of capitalists—to the effect that it "repudiates the capitalistic, liberalistic and economic order, which, in contravention of the Christian moral law, represents a one-sided purely-private economic and egotistical system of acquisition." Thus is denounced the God-less *laissez-faire* doctrines of the Manchester School. But these capitalists go on—"A striving for acquisition which seeks surplus values above and beyond personal and actual services, at the cost of the labour of others, at the expense of the property and welfare of others, and to the detriment of the whole—such a policy is immoral and reprehensible." This remarkable pronouncement shows that its authors are actuated by true Christian principles, and are alive to their responsibilities as owners of wealth. We fear that it will be some time before it finds an echo in London or New York.

Defeat of Capitalism in U.S.A.

In this connection there is some consolation in the fact that the greatest combination of regraters and forestallers that the afflicted world has ever seen—the "Big Five" Packing Trust—has thought it more prudent to anticipate the decision of the U.S. Federal Court and to come down before it was shot. This Chicago combine is reported to control jointly or separately 574 companies, with interests in some 188 others, producing or selling some 770 different commodities, mainly foodstuffs. It is said to dispose of 75 % of the meat supply, and 40 % of the eggs sold. Banks, hotels, railways, trade-papers, and distributing centres all over the world are in their grip, and through their operations the consumer has been cruelly exploited all through the war. The Commission which investigated the affairs of this product of Mammon-worship reported that its aggregate profits from 1912 to 1914 were £3,800,000, and that in the three war years 1915—1917 it had cleared £28,000,000! Apparently to forestall a worse fate, this gigantic trust has consented to be broken up, but there is no talk of making it disgorge its plunder, which presumably was "legally" acquired. Civil law does not limit profits, and as for the law of God—when was *that* ever permitted to interfere with "a deal"?

The Fallacies of Eugenics.

In a pamphlet distributed by the Eugenics Education Society—"A Word on Racial Responsibility"—there is the usual mixture of what is sound and what is, unequivocally, rotten. Throughout, the argument is concentrated on what is physical without any mention of man's main purpose in life, the development and perfecting of his spiritual nature. The standards of fitness and unfitness put forward regard this world only. The motto of the pamphlet, "Our duty to posterity is at least as great as our duty to our neighbour," is one of those loose, ill-defined propositions which it would need a page of qualification to make tenable. Strictly speaking, since duty is a relation between existing personalities, we have no duty to posterity, posterity being a non-entity. We have duties first of all to God and then to our neighbour—and the latter get their whole force and significance from the former. The aims of the Society, as set forth here, are to eliminate from the race all mental and physical disease, and so far they are very commendable. But good ends are sometimes pursued by evil methods, and until the Society shows that it reckons moral "fitness" as even more desirable than physical, and that it tolerates no such immoral methods as artificial sterility, its programme must remain suspect.

Certain medical men and others, resenting the refusal of the N.C.C.V.D. to foster the spread of vice whilst aiming at checking disease by advocating the public provision of prophylactics, have

formed a Society of their own, hampered by no such scruples. Here again there is that elevation of physical over moral good that we object to in the Eugenics Society. Freedom from disease, even if probable, would be too dearly purchased by the permanent debasing of the moral tone of the community, and nothing would more effectually debase the moral tone than that the impression that young men were not expected to control their passions should receive public and formal recognition. As we have frequently pointed out, there is a deep moral gulf between helping those who have exposed themselves to infection and providing all and sundry with the means to make themselves immune. Some of our medical guides need to be taught the ethics of co-operation in sin.

**Question-begging
"Science."**

We notice that Mr. H. G. Wells is employing his imaginative genius in writing an *Outline of History*. The essays of this talented writer in theology, marked as they are by a total, if unconscious, ignorance of the subject, and a naïve credulity in regard to scientific conjectures and hypotheses, do not predispose one to value his contributions to this particular branch of learning, but as yet we have not been able to put our apprehensions to the test. However, through the kindness of a correspondent we have received in the following extract what we may call a brick from the edifice, which we fear is only too likely to be typical of the whole. Speaking of human origins Mr. Wells writes—we italicise some significant words—

— We find fossils in the Eocene of monkeys and lemurs, but of one particular creature we have *as yet* not a single bone. It was a lemur-like creature that clambered about the trees and ran, and probably ran well, on its hindlegs upon the ground. It was small-brained by our present standards, but it had clever hands with which it handled fruits and beat nuts upon the rocks and *perhaps* caught up sticks and stones to smite its fellows. It was our ancestor.

How aptly did the late Mr. Andrew Lang, whose "rationalism" was always tempered by strong common sense and right appreciation of evidence, stigmatize such "history" when he wrote—"This kind of reasoning, with its inferring of inferences from other inferences, themselves inferred from conjectures as to the existence of facts of which no proof is adduced, must be called superstitious rather than scientific."¹ For note how Mr. Wells begins by stressing the remarkable fact that amidst the abundant tokens of animal life to be found in the fossils of a certain period *no* trace of the supposed ancestor of the human race is discoverable, a fact which goes far to show that there was no such person. But instead of honestly drawing this scientific conclusion our scientist goes on to describe in a series of definite pro-

¹ *Magic and Religion*, p. 5.

positions a creature whose existence he has just done what he could to disprove. Even the cautionary adverbs "probably" and "perhaps" refer not to its existence but to its habits. The whole thing is a figment of Mr. Wells's brain, quite as mythical as his Martians, or, rather, it is the stuff which Mr. Wells has listened to open-mouthed from the high-priests of rationalism, and never had the intellectual independence to analyse or question. And it is this crude evolutionary provender, which was antiquated a generation ago, that he passes on to the half-educated who take him for an authority, doubtless doing some harm thereby to religion, but damaging still more his own credit for scientific thinking.

**Conversion
of a
Protestant Bishop.**

It does not often happen that a Bishop in a non-Catholic communion joins the Catholic Church. A Bishop is generally of an age when the mind has lost its receptivity of new ideas, and presumably, long before he has reached his elevation, he has satisfied himself of the soundness of his theological position. So it is worth recording that a Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, Dr. Kinsman, of Delaware, has lately resigned his see and become a Catholic. He stated, in a long letter to his ecclesiastical Superior, dated July 1st, 1919, his reasons for resignation, which come to this, that the Protestant Church cannot teach with certainty nor rule with authority, and therefore cannot be the Church of Christ. That he should subsequently have discovered that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ is only the logical consequence of his previous conviction, but how few in his position would have the candour to admit that fact and the courage to act upon the admission. Bishop Weston of Zanzibar, for instance, sees the doctrinal disruption of his Church as clearly as Dr. Kinsman does, but some mental fog obscures his vision of the City set upon a Hill, distorting to grotesqueness the simple and consistent symmetry of the rights of Christ's Vicar. Meanwhile, the American correspondent of the *Church Times*¹ finds consolation for the loss of Dr. Kinsman in the following characteristic reflection:

Fortunately, however, there are stronger and more determined Catholics to carry on the fight. . . . There is, for instance, that devoted layman,—Mr. Haley Fiske, the President of the largest insurance society in the world, and one of the best business minds in the United States. As long as the Episcopal Church can command the loyalty of men like him no one need despair of her.

After all, if one cannot take passage in the Barque of Peter it is something to be in the same boat with the best business mind in America!

THE EDITOR.

¹ Nov. 21, 1919.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Canonization in the Roman Church [P. Peeters, S.J., in *Analecta Bollandiana*, Dec., 1919, p. 380].

Marriage Impediment "Disparity of Worship." Alterations in New Code [Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1919, p. 694].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Bolshevism as taught by Bakunin, Anti-Christian [Rev. A. Palmieri, O.S.A., in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1919, p. 331].

Capitalism versus Christian Democracy [A. A. Beck in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1919, p. 355].

Christianity necessary for Civilization [Rev. C. Plater in *Universe*, Dec. 19, 1919, p. 17].

Church, Mr. Lacey's New Test of Membership of the [*Tablet*, Dec. 13, 20, 1919, pp. 785, 821].

Divorce Legislation, Mgr. Brown on the New [*Tablet*, Dec. 19, 1919, p. 830].

Health, The New Ministry of [H. Robbins in *Tablet*, Dec. 27, 1919, p. 864].

Mixed Marriages, Anglican sophistry about [*Universe*, Dec. 12, 1919, p. 12].

Protestantism in France, Organized attempt to spread, by American Methodists [*Universe*, Dec. 19, 1919, p. 3].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

America and Peace Treaty: Explanation of Attitude [Shane Leslie in *Universe*, Dec. 12, 1919, p. 8].

Armenian Crisis, The [W. G. Smith in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1919, p. 305].

Belloc and Chesterton: Estimates of [T. Maynard in *Catholic World*, Nov. and Dec., 1919].

Benedictine Monachism [D. John Chapman in *Downside Review*, Oct., 1919, p. 80].

Catholicism: Prospects of, in emancipated Europe [Rev. M. V. Ronan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov.—Dec., 1919].

Education in Ireland, Bishops' Protest against Government scheme [*Tablet*, Dec. 27, 1919, p. 870].

Family, Protection of the [Agnes Mott and Alice Acton in *Universe*, Dec. 19, 1919, p. 18].

League of Nations, Archbishop of Liverpool on duty of Catholics to promote [*Universe*, Dec. 12, 1919, p. 13].

Morality, Decline in, caused by the War [A. H. Atteridge in *America* Nov. 29, 1919, p. 105].

Property, Mr. H. Belloc in defence of [*Universe*, Dec. 5, 1919, p. 20].

"Universe," Diamond Jubilee of the: its History [*Universe*, Dec. 5, 1919, p. 17].

REVIEWS

I—THE EUCHARISTIC BODY AND BLOOD¹

THIS book is written by an American Episcopalian clergyman in vindication of a view as to the nature of the Eucharistic Presence which he imagines was the earlier view taken by the Christian Church and only gave place, gradually and more or less unconsciously, to the more modern doctrine of Transubstantiation in the eighth century or thereabouts. This supposed earlier view is that commonly called Impanation, the view, that is to say, that the bread and wine are not so changed by the act of consecration that they themselves no longer exist under the appearances that lie before the consecrating priest's eyes, because their substance has been changed into the Body and Blood of Christ in accordance with the words of consecration; but that the bread and wine, still remaining such, are united with our Lord's Body and Blood by a most mysterious mode of union, comparable in some degree with that by which in the Incarnation the humanity of our Lord was assumed into personal union with His divinity. This doctrine has sometimes been maintained by Anglicans, biassed thereto by the feeling that it made it easier for them to harmonize belief in the Eucharistic Presence with the condemnation by their Articles of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. But this book is remarkable for its endeavour to formalize the theory and read it into a *catena* of passages from Patristic writers. The endeavour is made in perfectly good faith and full sympathy for the Catholic belief; it is aided too by the difficulty of expressing themselves on so mysterious a topic under which the Fathers laboured, before the advance of Catholic philosophy enabled their successors, the Scholastics, to explore the subject more searchingly. Still there is in the writings of the Fathers material sufficient to establish their belief in Transubstantiation pure and simple. Dr. Waterman curiously thinks that "for the last eight hundred years there has been no Catholic

¹ *The Primitive Tradition of the Eucharistic Body and Blood. The Paddock Lectures for 1918—19. By Lucien Waterman, D.D. London: Longmans. pp. 270. Price, 9s. net. 1919.*

explanation of our Lord's words, 'This is My body,' 'This is My blood.' " "There is, I am sure, a Catholic doctrine touching the Holy Eucharist and it is this: 'The consecrated bread is our Lord's very body, and the consecrated wine is our Lord's very blood.'" On the contrary, that is just what he will not find in Catholic treatises. In a sense it is proper and usual to speak of the consecrated Host and Chalice as bread and wine; the use for which they are destined, and the condition of Christ's body and blood under the appearance of bread and wine justify that. But the words of consecration do not run in the form, 'this bread is My body,' and 'this wine is My blood,' but 'this [object] is My body,' 'this [object] is My blood.' He will find that carefully established in many theological treatises, for instance in Franzelin's *De Eucharistia* or Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on the Eucharist*.

2—THE SAYINGS OF THE JEWISH FATHERS¹

THE S.P.C.K. is doing a good service to students of Holy Scripture by its translations of early documents, a goodly number of which have already been published and invite the attention of the studious by their cheap price, handy form, helpful notes, and the scholarly spirit in which they are edited by Dr. Oesterley and Canon Box. The latest addition to the series is the *Pirqe Aboth*, or Sayings of the Fathers, that is of the old Jewish Fathers. *Pirqe* means sections rather than sayings. "Sayings is the term which best expresses the nature of the contents, though *Pirqe*, 'sections,' is the traditional name of the tractate." These *Pirqe* consists of six chapters, of which the first record sayings of Jewish patriarchs from Simeon the Just, the high-priest from 226—198 B.C., to Simeon II, son of Gamliel, or Gamaliel I., who died about 70 A.D. In this chapter the Fathers whose sayings are given are set down in chronological order. In the chapters that follow, this principle of arrangement is not so strictly adhered to, but the Fathers whose sayings are there given all belong to the first or second century A.D., except two who belong to the early part of the third century. Thus we get in this document the ideas and methods of those representatives of Judaism

¹ *Translations of Early Documents, Series III. Palestinian-Jewish and Cognate Texts* (Rabbinic). *The Sayings of the Fathers (Pirqe Aboth)*. Translated by W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. S.P.C.K. Pp. xx. 103. Price, 5s. net. 1919.

who were contemporary, or proximately contemporary, with our Lord and the Apostles. This gives a special value to its contents, though it must be allowed that we get less help towards the understanding of the Gospels and other New Testament writings than we might have hoped for. Still we do get a certain help, for we find ourselves in a circle of ideas akin to those our Lord had to deal with.

Dr. Oesterley claims that we get in this treatise also the doctrinal position of orthodox Judaism, the doctrine of God, of the Law, of Works, of Merit, of Sin, of Grace and Free Will. And these, we may add, are referred to in the Catholic way, which is so far confirmed. Also to a Catholic it is noticeable that there is so little in the *Sayings* about the forgiveness of sins, but, at most, occasional references to repentance. The fundamental difference between the *régime* of the Law and that of Grace was that the latter announced the forgiveness of sins, the former did not and could not. Dr. Oesterley expresses the opinion that when in the Gospel our Lord denounces the doctrine of the Pharisees he is referring to the rigorism of Shammai and looks more favourably on the milder system of Hillel. We confess we cannot find this in the Pirke, which do not reflect the particular vice of Pharisaism over much, and to tell the truth we could hardly expect that they would. Pharisaism such as our Lord finds and denounces was the sort of vice we can readily understand prevailing in practice and being carried to excess, but it is hardly the sort of vice which these great doctors could be expected to have glorified in their writing.

3—FOR ORDINANDI¹

THIS small volume is well described by its title. Professor Carbone has put together what a candidate for the various minor and major Orders should know, so as to pass the prescribed examination to be undergone before the reception of each Order. In the form of question and answer the author gives a good deal of the history connected with the various Orders, their matter and form, the rights that they give and the obligations that follow from them. In dealing

¹ *Praxis Ordinandorum*, ea omnia potissimum complectens quæ clericis scitu necessaria seu utilia habentur pro experimentis ordinationibus præmittendis, ad canones Codicis Iuris Canonici redacta, auctore Cæsare Carbone. Turin : Pietro Marietti. Pp. x. 244. Price, 4.50 fr.

with the priesthood he gives a treatise on the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacrament of Penance, such as is found in books of moral theology. The work ends with formulæ which the candidate for Orders will find useful when applying to his bishop for ordination.

The book is clear, full and generally correct. On page 119 the answer to question 263, which says a deacon may be appointed parish priest provided he is ordained priest within a year, contradicts Canon 453 § 1 of the Code, which distinctly says that for a valid appointment to be parish priest, a *priest* must be appointed. Similarly on page 187 the answer to question 399 is incorrect. According to that answer, Mass may be said in a place neither consecrated nor blessed only for such a reason as the destruction of a church or the existence of infectious disease. The answer to the next question would imply that Mass may be said on a portable altar only by privilege given by the Pope or by the Code. It would have been well to have added here what is found in the 4th paragraph of Canon 822, the other parts of which are quoted, viz., that for a good reason the Ordinary may allow Mass to be said on a portable altar and in a decent place in extraordinary circumstances *per modum actus*. It would have been interesting to have had the author's interpretation of the words *per modum actus*.

One is surprised that to the section on preaching the author has added nothing on the very important duty of giving plain doctrinal teaching to adults and children. This duty formed the subject of the Encyclical *Acerbo nimis* of Pius X., one of the most strongly worded Encyclicals of these later times, and is of course laid down in the Code. The reminder would not have been out of place for those for whom the book was primarily written. Again, seeing that many at least of the young priests who will use the book will become curates to a parish priest, it would have been most practical to explain the words *cognoscere oves* of Canon 467 § 1 and to inculcate that pastoral visiting without which the work of a parish priest or his helpers cannot be efficiently carried out. A priest who stays at home will neither know his flock nor have the means of correcting backsliders.

4—POETRY AND CRITICISM¹

THE "realms of gold" in which Keats travelled to his own great enrichment have always a fascination for the human mind. It is the poets that create them, the critics that discover and chart them. Not all have the leisure to explore therein and qualify themselves as guides, and so critics fulfil a useful function in telling us where to find what is admirable and what to avoid if we are seeking pleasure and edification. We take the critic as guide-book, but at the same time, unless we are mental sluggards or lack the æsthetic gifts, we do not bind ourselves to follow him; we use our private judgment and consult our own tastes; we criticise the critic. Still we use him, whether to accept or dispute his views, and in either case, we gain a fuller knowledge of his subject.

No one can read Miss Geraldine Hodgson's discussion of some English poets of this and the last generation without being conscious that this particular critic is excellently equipped, both by wide reading and sound judgment, for her task. She deals with Tennyson and Browning alone at length—with the art of the one and the ethics of the other—and does so with the genuine appreciation of the connoisseur, thoroughly well-versed in her subject and illustrating her views with full and apposite quotations. Her estimate of Browning's "message" is the Christian one; and the wonder is that so much credit should be given for the poet's partial and hesitating grasp of moral truth which shines full-orbed for all to read in the Gospels. The same Christian principle animates her survey of "The Poetry of Doubt" and "The Poetry of Faith," in which latter essay full justice is done to Keble and the Catholic poets, Newman, Patmore, Johnson, Thompson, and Mrs. Meynell. In "The Nineties," the critic vindicates that decade from the charge of barrenness, brought against it by another critic, drawing particular attention to the work of Sir William Watson and Lord de Tabley. Two essays, "Theories of Poetry" and "The Capacity of Vision," deal with the philosophy of the subject, and herein Miss Hodgson makes admirable use of her studies

¹ *Criticism at a Venture*. By Geraldine E. Hodgson. London: Erskine Macdonald. Pp. 215. Price, 10s. 6d. *The Mystical Poets of the English Church*. By Percy H. Osmond. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xi. 436. Price, 12s. 6d. net. *The Anonymous Poet of Poland*. By Monica M. Gardner. Cambridge: University Press. Pp. vi. 320. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

in mysticism, quoting with effect the analyses of Père Poulain. A review of "Early 20th Century Poetry" shows that the critic has not confined herself to the past generation, but is fully abreast of contemporary work, and herein her guidance is particularly valuable, for who can keep pace with the whole modern output? And how much of it is not worth the endeavour?

Mr. Osmond's treatise has a religious not a literary purpose, and so he has swept into his net several verse-writers who have no claim to be regarded as poets. In fact, each significant word of his title, as he himself candidly confesses, needs qualification, for, if some of the versifiers are not poets, some of the poets and verse-makers alike are not mystical, but merely devotional. And furthermore, several of the true poets dealt with—Richard Rolle and Thompson, and, as regards the bulk of their work, Crashaw and Patmore—do not belong to the national Church, but are included "in the hope of making the book a little more comprehensive." One could have wished that, while thus borrowing Catholic poets, Mr. Osmond had discarded those offensive terms, Romanist, Popery and the like, and those sneers at the fact of conversion, which betray uncritical ill-temper. That his ideas of mysticism are mainly drawn from modern Anglican writers one cannot complain of, although it lessens the critical value of his book. These defects apart, the study betokens wide acquaintance with what Miss Hodgson calls "The Poetry of Faith," the application of the seer's faculty to the most divine of objects, the Kingdom of God here and hereafter. His treatment is partly historical, partly expository, and one is grateful for the long quotations from the less-known writers which supplement his conclusions.

Miss Monica Gardner has won pre-eminence as the interpreter of the poetry of Poland to English readers, and, in her case, one who cannot claim as she does the devotion of a quarter of a century to Polish studies, must perforce assume the attitude of a learner, pure and simple. Her "anonymous poet," whose name was not known till after his death, at the age of 47, in 1859, is Zygmunt Krasinski. Miss Gardner styles him "one of the three supreme singers in the magnificent literature of Poland," and certainly if ever men were "cradled into poetry by wrong," this was true of Krasinski, the sufferings of whose country seem to have forced him to the practice of poetry as a means of maintaining the national

spirit. That he succeeded we have the testimony of his countrymen in abundance. But no one ignorant of the language can adequately judge of his work. His chief poems were dramas in prose, which are summarized by his interpreter. Lapses both in faith and morals at one time prevented him apparently from giving any clear message: in fact, it would almost seem that, lacking the corrective and check of a proper appreciation of Catholicism, his patriotism usurped very largely the place of religion. Miss Gardner has produced an interesting psychological study, but she has not succeeded—no fault of hers—in making Krasinski an altogether admirable or lovable character.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

WHEN school-days are over and school-books laid aside there still remains on the Catholic the obligation of continuing his study of his faith, in order that he may practise it better himself and commend it more effectively to others. But now the pulpit takes the place of the master's desk and hence the necessity incumbent on the clergy of constantly preaching and explaining the dogmas of Christianity. In **Sermons on the Mass, the Sacraments and the Sacramentals** (Benziger: \$2.50), Father Thomas Flynn, C.C., of the New York diocese, presents a fairly complete course of theology on the subjects indicated by the title. Mere eloquence and direct appeals to the feelings are wisely omitted in what is meant to convey truth to the intellect; nor indeed is there occasion in many of the discourses for any hortatory quality; but this makes the volume even more suited for spiritual reading.

The handsome volume entitled the **Letters of St. Augustine** (S.P.C.K.: 10s. net), by the Rev. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, D.D., is not, as the title might suggest, a translation of the correspondence of the Saint, but a very full and reasoned commentary upon it, giving its substance in a careful *précis* and also discussing the circumstances which called it forth. For the better accomplishing of this end the editor groups the letters according to subject, keeping in each group the chronological order. The whole is a fascinating study of a mighty genius. Nowhere does one come into such close contact with St. Augustine as in these letters, which combine the intimacies of friendly intercourse with profound speculation on religious matters and clear exposition of Christian doctrine. In this work we get, of course, St. Augustine reflected through the mind of an Anglican, albeit erudite and conscientious. The Catholic will need to refer to the text itself, because the danger of misunderstanding the Saint is great, and Dr. Sparrow-Simpson has not the Church to guide him. For the interpretation, for instance, of the important phrase applied to Rome, "in qua semper apostolicæ cathedræ viguit principatus," we are referred solely to Anglican controversialists—Puller, Denny, and Bright.

Mr. J. Herbert Williams opens his little book on **Inspiration** (Sands

and Co.: 5s. net) with a plea for allowing the lay-Catholic to write on theological subjects, so that the knowledge of the Faith may be brought within the reach of those who would not understand the language or would suspect the impartiality of the theologian. The plea is hardly needed: there are no limits to the liberty of the amateur save the authorized censorship of the Church—which Mr. Williams himself acknowledges—and those which modesty would suggest to one attempting a subject which ordinarily calls for a long and careful training. But we cannot admit Mr. Williams's implication that the theologian always writes in strictly scientific language. Why, one main object of theological study is to give the student such an intimate grasp of the subject that he may be able to impart his knowledge accurately through the medium of popular speech. Hence the theologians of the Church are constantly employed in breaking the bread of the Divine Word to the faithful in lectures and articles and books in the vernacular, to say nothing of Sunday homiletics. And so there is no lack of popular accounts of the subject Mr. Williams has selected. But on the general ground that everything possible should be done to spread an interest in theology amongst the laity we welcome his essay on this highly-interesting theme. Mr. Williams advocates the theory which holds that the Scriptures were verbally inspired, a theory which he considers to give the best explanation of the facts. It is a theory, however, which raises at least as many difficulties as it settles, and, indeed, in its strictest sense, viz., that the Holy Ghost dictated the actual material words to the writer, it lands us in sheer contradictions. Mr. Williams seems to us to exaggerate when he says that, failing this theory, "the Temptation of Christ is necessarily unhistorical and the Magnificat no more authentic than the Book of Enoch." Why should not our Lord have told His Apostles about the one, and our Lady dictated the other to St. Luke? In Mr. Williams's opinion it is "impossible" that Mary should have remembered her poem, and "unimaginable" that she or St. Elizabeth should have written it down. We do not find the slightest difficulty in either supposition. The author's style is none of the clearest and it is not always easy to follow his meaning.

DEVOTIONAL

One learns with astonishment from *The American Priest* (Benziger: \$1.25 net), a series of considerations for the clergy by the Rev. George Schmidt, that of 10,460 parishes in the United States, only 5,788 have parochial schools, and that many pastors acquiesce in this situation, which necessitates their young flock being brought up in a non-Catholic atmosphere, without any great concern. We may trust that the latter statement is exaggerated for the sake of emphasis, for we have never doubted the religious zeal of the great American Church. Father Schmidt's own book, full of short but very pithy counsels on various priestly activities, shows how high an ideal is held before them.

About six months ago we notice the admirable spiritual conferences of Dom Columba Marmion of Maredsous, *Le Christ Vie de l'Âme* (Burns and Oates: 6.50 fr.), then in its fourth edition. Now in less than two years a seventh edition has been issued, a sufficient testimony to the worth of the work. As a kind of sequel, the same devout author has now published *Le Christ dans ses Mystères* (Washbourne: 6.50 fr.), some score of conferences on the salient incidents of our Lord's life, de-

veloping their intended effect upon our own. This second work has already reached a third edition.

It would almost appear that Father Martindale is attempting single-handed a similar work to that of M. Henri Joly and his collaborators, viz., the interpreting to our own age the careers of God's saints. Anyhow, we have already had from his tireless and vivid pen three volumes of hagiographical studies under the general heading of *In God's Army*, and now another series of studies, dealing with eremitical and contemplative careers—*Upon God's Holy Hills, I., The Guides* (Washbourne: 3s. 6d. net), comes to hand. Two of these, *St. Anthony of Egypt* and *St. John of the Cross*, have appeared in substance at least in our pages: the other, *St. Bruno of Cologne*, illustrates, like the previous ones, the author's gift of showing and proving the reasonableness which underlay what the modern is wont to term extravagance, and the soundness of those rules of life which the Church has wisely sanctioned.

HISTORICAL.

Mr. H. St. J. Thackeray prefaces his *Selections from Josephus* (S.P.C.K.: 6s. net) by a useful discussion of the life, character and works of the historian. The extracts are mainly chosen to illustrate the origins of the Church and her relations with Judaism, and they draw upon all Josephus's writings. An interesting appendix discusses adversely the authenticity of the famous passage regarding our Lord.

The student who wishes to know—and the curiosity of the human mind is boundless—what was the "judicial procedure of the Jews as codified towards the end of the second century A.D.", will get full information from Mr. Herbert Danby's translation of the Hebrew tract, or *Tractate Sanhedrin* (S.P.C.K.: 6s. net), taken from the two Jewish legal codes, *Mishnah* and *Tosefta*. One realizes better on reading this document both the rigour and complexity of those "traditions" about which our Lord spoke so strongly.

M. Imbert de Saint-Amand is one of the most indefatigable workers in the inexhaustible field of the French Revolution, and the kindred tragi-drama now being enacted in Russia gives a further interest to the new cheap edition of his works on Marie-Antoinette now appearing. The volume before us, *Marie-Antoinette et l'Agonie de la Royauté* (Lethiellux: 2.90 fr.), includes the period between the flight from Varennes and the proclamation of the Republic. The terrible story familiar to the readers of Carlyle shows that what is told of the Bolsheviks has long ago been paralleled in France. No nation has a monopoly of savagery, once God is forgotten or despised.

FICTION.

The horrors of the slave trade in East Africa and the heroism of the White Sisters who go as missionaries to mitigate the lot of its victims form the theme of *The Debt of Guy Arnolle* (Sands: 3s. 6d. net), a story which Miss Alice Dease has translated and adapted from the French. It is well calculated to awaken zeal for that cause so inadequately supported at home, the interests of the Foreign Missions.

The best tribute to the fascination of *Coggin* (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d. net), the book with which the author of *Antonio* has broken his too long silence, is the reader's craving for the volumes which are promised as its sequel. For Mr. Oldmeadow has set out to compose a trilogy depicting the career of a gifted boy, handicapped by fortune in various

ways,—humble birth, degrading surroundings, and an unromantic name—but dowered withal in superabundance with mental powers and a genius for music. Round him circles the varied life of an English county town in the mid nineteenth-century, the days when labour was awakening to a sense of its sordid conditions, and the dry bones of traditional Anglicanism were stirring to the breath of the Catholic revival. Mr. Oldmeadow's skilled pen makes these times live again and peoples them with a great variety of cleverly discriminated characters, clerical and lay; he excels in vivid descriptions whether of action or still life, and over all the narrative rests the glow of an unforced and unobtrusive sense of humour. The public will await with eagerness the story of Henry Coggin's further development.

Father Finn, S.J., in his latest story, **Facing Danger** (Benziger: \$1.25), retains all the power of vivid narrative and humorous characterization which his many previous tales of school-boy life so well exhibit. But for the moment he has left the school and gone afield, taking with him, however, as hero of his record of adventure, one of the best-known of his school-boy gallery, Tom Playfair, now grown to man's estate, but as fascinating as ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We rather suspect that Miss Gladys E. Willett, who writes an essay on the Anglican mystic **Traherne** (Heffer: 2s. 6d. net), has not much personal acquaintance with the great Catholic mystics whom, nevertheless, she is wont in her work to contrast disparagingly with those of her own communion, speaking of them as if they belonged to one narrow class with the same definite characteristics, whereas there is no genuine mystical experience which is not found among them. Even so characteristically English a product as Mother Juliana of Norwich, whose *Divine Love* might well serve to illustrate Traherne's pursuit of "Felicity," is ignored by her. But there is no doubt of her subject's right to a place amongst that scanty band of devout Anglicans who, handicapped by their ignorance of the faith and deprived of the grace of the Sacraments, have nevertheless attained to a certain measure of union with God through sacrifice of self. Traherne, for all his imaginative power and beauty of language, had not the technical equipment of a poet, and his best work is in prose. Miss Willett devotes a good deal of her space to the consideration of other kindred devotional writers—Vaughan, Donne, More, Herbert—but her lack of theological learning leads her in her criticism to ascribe to mystic revelation what belongs to ordinary theology, *e.g.*, the immanence and transcendence of God.

No one can read **These Things Shall Be** (Swarthmore Press: 1s. 6d. net), by George Lansbury, without recognizing the earnestness and honesty of the writer and without at the same time lamenting that these good qualities are not directed by a truer understanding of the object of life. Mr. Lansbury wants his heaven here and rages against conditions which are incompatible with complete earthly satisfaction. Those, on the other hand, who believe that the world is fallen and can never be restored to perfection save through the perfection of each individual of it, are no less opposed than he to all evil that is sinful, but know, besides, that the divine alchemy of the Cross can make, and is meant to make, eternal treasure out of the physical ills of life. They know that Christianity, if universally and permanently practised, would

make this world a paradise, but they also know, with their great Leader, that it must needs be that scandals come. In other words, the Catholic will agree with Mr. Lansbury's denunciation of abuses, but will often quarrel with his diagnosis of their nature and his plans to remedy them.

It is long since we have had anything from the pen of "The Prig," who has nevertheless a whole list of volumes to his credit besides those pungent and amusing satires which gave him his soubriquet. An allusion to himself in *Nothing and other Things* (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net) as "a very feeble old invalid who is nearer eighty than seventy" accounts pathetically for his late silence, and likewise moves our admiration of a spirit which from a sick-bed can send forth such cheerful essays, full of shrewd observation and humorous anecdote.

Schoolboys and Exiles (George Allen: 3s. 6d. net), by Godfrey Elton, is a book of verses, apparently by a young soldier living on the borderland shared between books and action. Some of his singing, in other words, is a literary exercise, some prompted by his own experience. All his verses show a capacity for melodious writing, and many are instinct with real feeling. There is nothing, however, exceptionally good, if very little that is mediocre.

Reprinted from *The Magnificat*, the six essays by Mrs. Armel O'Connor, entitled *A Girl's Ideals* (Mary's Meadow Press: 2s. net), are worthy of their more permanent setting. For those to whom these counsels are given have nothing but what is at once pure and practical put before them, on such subjects as "The Lover," "The Home," "Children," "Motherhood," "Work," "Prayer," by one who is not a mere theorist. How different would the world be if the aims of the average girl were as lofty and sensible as those presented here.

Outside the beautiful liturgy of the Church and such devotions as are appointed for congregational use, Catholics are encouraged to approach their Heavenly Father in whatever method seems to them most suitable: hence the immense variety of popular devotions and forms of prayer that flourishes amongst them. One of the latest and freshest of prayer-books is *The Armour of God* (Burns and Oates: from 3s. 6d. net), compiled for the use of that wonderful organization, the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, and naturally making the love and service of our Eucharistic Lord the central theme of its aspirations. It is a most attractive and practical little book.

With the appearance of its first complete *Catalogue* (Bexhill: 2s. 6d. net), numbered and classified, the Bexhill Free Library should enormously increase its utility and influence. One feature therein is the inclusion of the series of C.T.S. collected publications, which are all the more valuable for reference, as their contents cannot often be obtained in pamphlet form. The Catalogue is admirably arranged and printed, and a quarterly supplement, price 3d., is promised. May it become ever more and more necessary.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Whilst agreeing, of course, with the truism that the Church must speak to each generation in the language it understands, we must demur altogether to the implication in Canon V. F. Storr's pamphlet, *The Divinity of Christ* (Longmans: 2s. net), that the traditional teaching of the Church needs radical modification to make it intelligible and that "each age must investigate the problem for itself and construct its own Christology." There is development in doctrine, but not in the sense of discarding as time goes on any dogma which the Church has once taught. In reading

non-Catholic essays of this sort we realize what a loss to clearness of thought in this matter is rejection of the scholastic doctrine of matter and form with which the Canon seems to have but second-hand acquaintance.

Two very striking sermons by the Rev. E. M. Walker, M.A., Sc., **The Wisdom of the World and the Wisdom of Christ**, and **The Power to Crucify** (Blackwell: 1s. 6d. net each), the former preached in February 1918, the latter in August 1919, have a common theme in the preacher's mistrust of modern democracy. The democrat may nevertheless read them with profit, for none knows better than he that his ideal is far from being realized in any present political system. In his attitude towards Labour in the later sermon Mr. Walker shows that he, like so many others, has not realized that the old industrial order, briefly known as Capitalism, is about to be ended if it is not mended: that the worker is not so anxious about a fair wage as about a recognition of his human rights.

The same lack of understanding and consequently of sympathy is noticeable in a larger work, also coming from Oxford, **The Revolt of Labour against Civilization** (Blackwell: 3s. net), by W. H. V. Reade. Labour is, in fact, revolting against barbarism, against that system which treats human beings as mere instruments of money-making. But, by confining the phrase "the necessities of existence" to material necessities, Mr. Reade enunciates the paradox which vitiates his whole book, that the more necessary certain services are, the less important they are. He has no clear remedy for the disease which he diagnoses clearly enough: he does not know or will not say that no one can lead a human life here who is not preparing for a divine life hereafter.

We recommend anew **The Catholic Diary** issued for 1920 (Washbourne: 2s. net, and upwards), full of useful information, civil and ecclesiastical, and an excellent companion for desk or pocket.

Of smaller compass and even more handy to carry is **The Catholic Almanac for 1920**, issued at 3d. by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

The Catholic Mind (America Press: 5 c.) for October 8th, the last to hand, contains a fine estimate of *Cardinal Mercier* by J. J. Wynne, S.J., a denunciation of *Prohibition* from the social and ethical standpoint, and several documents connected with the Sinn Féin cause in America.

Of permanent value, for the question is always recurring, is Mgr. Moyes's discussion of the Catholic attitude towards "reunion of the Churches" called **Rome and the "World Conference"** (C.T.S.: 1d.). A new and very readable story by Father Bearne, S.J., **Grandfather Christmas**, is the only other new C.T.S. pamphlet to date—a sad change from the old prolific days. The same reflection is provoked by the appearance of the C.T.S. catalogue for 1920, which, slender as it is, threatens to become more so, as its contents run out of stock, unless Catholics come to the aid of this great work.

FORTHCOMING.

A new quarterly, **Gregorianum**, is announced from Rome to appear at the beginning of this year, the product, as the name suggests, of the Gregorian University, and devoted to the discussion of theology and kindred sciences. The annual subscription will be 28 fr. We shall probably have more to say about it in our next issue.

The Professors of the Biblical Institute in Rome also propose to issue a quarterly named **Biblica** (subscription, 20 fr.). We may refer readers to *The Tablet* for December 27th for an account of the project.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ABBAYE DE MAREDSOUS.

Le Christ dans ses Mystères. By Dom C. Marmion. 3^e édit. Pp. x. 611. Price, 6.50 fr. *Le Christ, vie de l'Âme.* By the same. 7^e édit. Pp. xiv. 626. Price, 6.50 fr.

ALLEN & UNWIN, London.

Schoolboys and Exiles. By G. Elton. Pp. 75. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVII. No. 19.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

Talks to Parents. By J. P. Conroy, S.J. Pp. 173. Price, \$1.25. *Facing Danger.* By Rev. F. J. Finn, S.J. Pp. 197. Price, \$1.25.

BEXHILL FREE LIBRARY, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Library Catalogue. Pp. 174. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Alcmaon: Hypermestra: Caeus. By E. P. Warren, M.A. Pp. 110. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

BURNS & OATES, London.

Science and Morals, and other Essays. By Sir B. Windle. Pp. ix. 181. Price, 7s. *Dominican Contemplatives.* By a Dominican of Carisbrooke. Pp. 82. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

DENT & SONS, London.

Jacopini da Todì. By Evelyn Underhill. Pp. xi. 321. Price, 16s. n.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

The Science of Ethics. By Rev. Dr. Cronin. Vol. I. Second edit. Pp. xvi. 696. Price, 21s. net.

HEFFER & SONS, Cambridge.

Tedious Brief Tales of Granta and Gramayre. By Ingulphus. Illustrated. Pp. viii. 93. Price, 4s. 6d. n.

LONGMANS, London.

Mount Music. By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. Pp. 309. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Catholic Soldiers.* Edited by C. Plater, S.J. Pp. 157. Price, 5s. net. *Nothing and Other Things.* By "The Frig." Pp. vii. 100. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Conduct of Public Worship.* By Rev. F. H. J. Newton, B.A. Pp. xi. 161. Price, 5s. net.

MACMILLAN, London.

The Army and Religion. Pp. xii. 455. Price, 6s. net.

MARTIN SECKER, London.

Poor Relations. By Compton Mackenzie. Second impression. Pp. 314. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

S.P.C.K., London.

Officium et Miracula of Richard Rolle. Edited by Rev. R. M. Woolley. Pp. 97. Price, 5s. n. *The Reformation in Ireland.* By H. Holloway, M.A. Pp. 240. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *The Parish Gilds of Medieval England.* By H. F. Westlake, M.A. Pp. viii. 242. Price, 15s. net. *The Wanderings and Homes of Manuscripts.* By M. R. James, Litt.D. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. net. *Hints on Translation: Hints on the Study of Latin.* Both by A. Souter. Price, 6d. net and 8d. net. *Christian Inscriptions.* By H. P. V. Nunn, M.A. Price, 1s. net. *Bribery.* By R. M. Leonard. Pp. 32. Price, 4d. net.

SWARTHMORE PRESS, LTD., London.

These Things Shall Be. By G. Lansbury. Pp. 79. Price, 1s. 6d. n.

TEULINGS, Bois-le-duc.

Theologia Moralis (Aertnys). Vol. I. Edited by C. A. Damen, C.S.S.R. 10th Edit. Pp. xvi. 485. Price, 7.50 fr.

Têqui, Paris.

L'Apostolat des Hommes. By French Diocesan Missionaries. Pp. 208. Price, 5.00 fr.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.

A Short History of Education. By J. W. Adamson. Pp. xi. 371. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

WASHBOURNE, London.

A Girl's Ideals. By Mrs. A. O'Connor. Pp. 64. Price, 2s. net. *Upon God's Holy Hills. I. The Guides.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 158. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *St. Athanasius.* By F. A. Forbes. Pp. 125. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *St. Vincent de Paul.* By F. A. Forbes. Pp. 124. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Human Nature.* By A. Nicolas. Translated by A. Boursot. Pp. 32. Price, 9d. n. *The Catholic Diary for 1920.* Price, 2s. net.

